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Floods In N. Kiangsu Spreading

Shanghai, July 15.—The Communist paper, *Emancipation Daily*, said today that floods were spreading in North Kiangsu, covering an area of 100,000 acres. It said the authorities are mobilising all available civil labour for emergency work.

The Nanking situation was reported to be improving after 16 days of dyke strengthening in which 40,000 gunny bags and 1,000 plantain were used. The *Emancipation Daily* said that emergency work conducted by a force of 40,000 persons has ensured the safety of the Nanking outskirt, Fukow and Pucheng, river towns opposite Nanking.—United Press.

AUSTRALIAN VOLUNTEERS UNLOAD COAL

Sydney, July 15.—A limited state of emergency was proclaimed in Victoria today to enable volunteers to unload coal from India from the 7,000-ton British-manned Canadian collier, *Hallionian Duke*.

Mr Lawrence Sharkey, General Secretary of the Australian Communist Party, today denied the Federal Arbitration Court that Communists were directing the strike.

The Communist Party is charged with contempt of Court for refusing to hand over A£1,000 already withdrawn from the bank to aid the striking miners.

Four miners' officials were fined A£100 each in the Federal Arbitration Court here today.

The officials have refused to pay into Court a total of A£2,000 which they were said to have withdrawn from banks to help the strike.

It was earlier reported today that some 400 police were guarding strategic points at Maitland, Newcastle, to prevent attempted sabotage when the authorities began moving 20,000 tons of coal in trucks to Sydney.

A Miner's Federation spokesman said that the Union might carry out its threat to withdraw safety men from the coalfields.

"If the Government has no scruples in this fight, we will have no scruples about withdrawing the safety men," he said.—Reuter.

London Chinese Welcome Pacific Union Proposal

(BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT)

London, July 15.—Chiang Kai-shek's proposals during his talks with President Quirino of the Philippines for a Pacific Union on the lines of the Western Union have been generally welcomed among the Chinese community here, and developments are being watched with the greatest interest, although the Chinese Embassy in London has not yet received any official note from the Government in Canton regarding the new moves.

Chinese and other people here with interests in the Far East regard the proposal as a sound if somewhat belated effort to stem the tide of Communism in the Far East.

Early criticism is expected from the Chinese students' Union in Liverpool who in their monthly news circular have taken a strong pro-Mao line.

MEETS LEADERS

Canton, July 15.—Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek held an emergency meeting with top Kuomintang leaders today at which he outlined his views on the functions of the Emergency Committee—Supreme Council—but an hour before midnight the session was not broken and no information on the details leaked out.

However, it was learned that the summons to the Kuomintang leaders indicated that the purpose was final details of the organisation of the Council, including whether Acting President Li Tsung-jen alone would hold the title of vice-chairman or whether he would be forced to share the job with Dr Sun Fo.

Chiang earlier reportedly voiced willingness to let Li Tsung-jen direct Council activities. It was also learned that the membership might be increased from the present 12 members.

Hung Yen-yau, representing the CC Clique, was slated to be Secretary-General with Li Tsung-jen's associate Ching Ching-yuan as vice Secretary-General.

PERSONAL BELIEF

It was learned that Chiang at an afternoon tea party informal statement, asked the Executive and political Committee members of the Kuomintang not to hold a pessimistic attitude and said: "With full unity, the party's final victory against international aggression of Communism will be achieved. Kuomintang will be built up into a base for the recovery of our nation and I am determined to help the government fight for national independence and democracy. I personally feel there is still great hope and bright future and that surely we will get it."

Bus Strike In New York

New York, July 15.—More than 1,000,000 New Yorkers hunted for substitute transport today after a lightning strike immobilised buses on 30 routes. The stoppage began in protest at the suspension of four mechanics of the New York City Omnibus Corporation on Thursday. It spread today to the Fifth Avenue Coach Company.

That brought the total number of busmen affected to 3,300. A long stoppage was forecast.

"We are digging in for a long strike," said Michael Quill, President of the Congress of Industrial Organizations' Transport Workers' Union.

The two companies crippled by the strike carry about 1,125,000 passengers daily.

Mr Quill said that now that the strike is on the Union will insist on its demands over which there has been a deadlock since June 30.—Associated Press.

Leicester Sergeants Rescue Woman & Son

Two sergeants of the 1st Battalion, Royal Leicestershire Regiment, at present stationed in the New Territories, have been commended by the Army authorities for rescuing a Chinese woman and her eight-year-old son from drowning on Thursday. The commendation is being published in local Army orders.

The men are Sgt. Arthur Curwood of Nottingham and Sgt. Herbert Hiley of Ashby-under-Lyne.

On Wednesday night, heavy rains had swollen the river running through the valley at Lowu where the Leicesters are encamped. Paddy fields were flooded the next morning, and farmers were out to try to save some of their crops.

About noon, there were suddenly shouts and cries as the woman and her son were swept away by a flood current.

The two sergeants, who were resting, dashed out, stripped off their boots and swam out to rescue the two Chinese who were being carried far out into the middle of the river. After great difficulty they managed to bring them ashore and returned them safely to their family.

CZECHS DEFY POPE'S ORDER

Prague, July 15.—The Czech Minister of Justice, Alexej Copic, said today that anybody attempting to enforce the Vatican order excommunication Communists here would be charged with treason against Czechoslovakia.

DOLLAR IMPORTS

Cripps Proposals To Commonwealth

London, July 15.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Stafford Cripps, was reported today to have asked all Commonwealth members to cut their dollar imports by some \$300,000,000 during the next 12 months.

Sir Stafford's reported proposals were said to be meeting some criticism from Pakistan and South Africa, who complained of Britain's high prices and slow deliveries which had compelled them to turn to dollar countries for urgently-needed essentials.

It was understood the proposed cuts concerned petrol, automobiles, trucks, agricultural machinery, newsprint and some consumer goods.

India was understood to have promised full support for Sir Stafford's proposals provided she would be allowed to import agricultural machinery from dollar sources. The Indian Finance Minister, Mr John Mathai, said he planned to return to India on July 21, by which time the Commonwealth Finance Ministers' conference here would be virtually completed.

AIR OF TENSENESS

Sir Stafford's scale of the proposed cuts was said to have been fixed with the hope of effecting an approximate balance of payments for the sterling area in 1949-50 after allowing for Marshall aid.

An "air of tenseness" was said to have dominated today's talks, with most delegates feeling they were not getting enough dollars for themselves from the sterling area's dollar pool.

When the current conference finishes, probably next week-end, Sir Stafford is expected to initiate talks with other members of the sterling area, including Eire, Iraq, Burma and Iceland, to seek their co-operation in solving the gold and dollar crisis of the sterling area.—United Press.

MET PLANE STRUCK

While flying at 17,500 feet about 8 a.m. today a meteorological aircraft, piloted by Mr C. Chambers, was struck and holed in the port wing by some object.

From what can be ascertained at present, the plane was about to enter clouds when the pilot saw "something" coming towards the plane and the object struck the wing. It is generally known that birds do not fly at that height and it is thought possible that the object was a piece of ice formed in temperature below freezing point.

The Minister of Information, Vaclav Kopecky, in another strong Government attack, accused the Church and the "bloody dictatorship" of Generalissimo Francisco Franco of Spain.

Copic spoke to the presidium of the Central Action Committee.

If the first major Government pronouncement since the Vatican decree excommunicating Communists, Copic said that the "Vatican was the eternal enemy" of democratic states.

In his speech, the Minister accused Archbishop Josef Beran of "expanded illegal connections with foreign enemies under the veil of purely religious activities." He added: "The Vatican and reactionary clergy remain the eternal enemies of the people's democratic state and its people."

BASIC HOSTILITY

Copic is the son-in-law of President Klement Gottwald and also secretary-general of the Central Action Committee.

The high clergy, led by the Prague Archbishop Beran, never did sincerely support the constructive efforts of our people," he charged. "But when the chance of joining the people's enemies, both at home and abroad, occurred, there was no lack of eagerness and enthusiasm. In vain, the high reactionary clergy have been trying to hide or veil its basic hostility towards our people."

Today our working people will not let themselves be deceived by the treacherous double face of the high clergy even if it does speak about love to the country.

The Justice Minister made his speech soon after an official news agency dispatch revealed Government plans for controlling the Catholic Church in Czechoslovakia.

NEW BILL

A bill drafted for the next session of Parliament and reported by the official agency would provide:

1. The state will hold the right to approve or disapprove all Church appointments, from Archbishops down to Army chaplains.

2. The state will pay all priests fixed annual salaries.

3. No priest will be paid if he has been sentenced by a court or if he is not "nationally reliable."—United Press.

Manslaughter Of Girl

Ipswich, July 15.—A British police sergeant, George Frederick Ewin, of London, England, was today sentenced to seven years' rigorous imprisonment for the manslaughter of a five-year-old Chinese girl while she slept.

Charged with murder by shooting the girl as she slept in a hut near Ipswich, on June 8, he was convicted of manslaughter. Ewin said that he was searching a squatter area on June 8. He was told six bandits had run into two huts and fired "to flush them out."

Inside one hut, he fired at "something" lying in bed in a dark room.—Reuter.

Talks To Settle Dock Strike Fail

FOREIGN AFFAIRS DEBATE

London, July 15.—A foreign affairs debate in the House of Commons next Thursday, July 21, has been arranged on Opposition initiative.

Mr Anthony Eden will be the leading speaker for the Opposition.

Mr Ernest Bevin, the Foreign Secretary, will reply for the Government.

It is regarded as certain that Mr Eden will ask for fuller information than has yet been made public on the recent Council of Foreign Ministers in Paris and on the Government's general policy towards the Soviet Union.

The state of preparedness of the Western Powers and the implementation of the Atlantic treaty, which may have been ratified before next Thursday's debate, are seen as linked up to the question of relations with the Soviet Union.

The debate will also provide an opportunity for the Opposition to ask for an up-to-date statement of Government policy towards the Council of Europe before the British delegation, composed of members of Parliament from both sides of the House, leaves for Strasbourg for the inaugural meeting of the Council at the beginning of August.—Reuter.

Noah's Ark Searchers Turned Back

Istanbul, July 15.—An American expedition searching for traces of Noah's Ark has been refused permission to search Mount Ararat, near the Turkish-Soviet border, because it is "a prohibited military zone."

Dr Aaron Smith, of North Carolina, who had hoped to find the Ark preserved in a recognisable condition in a glacier, returned to Istanbul today after a talk with the Turkish Home Minister.

A similar British expedition, under a retired civil servant, Mr Egerton Sykes, was turned away last month. Mr Sykes said that he hoped a joint expedition of Britons, Americans and Dutchmen would be possible "when the Russian pressure on Turkey has dropped."

The Book of Genesis says that the Ark rested "upon the mountains of Ararat," and it was from there that Noah sent out his three doves.—Reuter.

Steel Strike Averted

Washington, July 15.—A major United States steel strike, which would have begun at midnight tonight, has been averted.

All the "Big Three" steel corporations today accepted President Truman's plan for a 60-day truce and fact-finding panel to seek a solution to the dispute.

The Union of United Steelworkers, with 1,000,000 members, is asking for a wage increase and for pensions. In neither case has the amount claimed been published, but usually reliable sources believe that the steelworkers want a guaranteed pension of \$150 a month.

Most of the smaller companies had already agreed to the plan.

The "Big Three"—United States Steel, Bethlehem and Republic Corporations—had rejected it but in the face of White House pressure they abandoned their resistance.—Reuter.

AIRMEN HELP TROOPS IDLE SHIPS

London, July 15.—More Servicemen were drafted into the Port of London today, the 19th day of the dock stoppage now involving 14,419 dockers.

The Minister of Labour, Mr George Isaacs, told the House of Commons that behind-the-scenes talks during the past two days had failed to find a solution to the dispute.

With the number of idle dockers at its highest since a state of emergency was proclaimed at midnight on Monday, RAF men drafted into the Port to reinforce troops already handling cargoes brought the Service force up to 6,000.

For the first time they loaded vital export cargoes and also discharged perishable food-stuffs.

The Servicemen worked on 46 ships in an effort to relieve congestion in the Port.

Sixty-six other vessels lay untouched and six others were undermanned.

Steady deterioration in the situation during the week and slight hopes of an early solution held out by Mr Isaacs' statement to Parliament caused grave disquiet in Government and other official quarters tonight.

OTHER STOPPAGES

Only once before, in the general strike of 1926, has a large organised body of workers shown such disregard of the authority of the State when it has been presented in the form of an emergency proclamation.

The need for a speedy settlement was underlined today by reports that New Zealand workers had struck in a similar dispute in Auckland, that Italian waterfront workers had expressed solidarity with the London dockers and, according to a Canadian Seamen's Union spokesman, that the World Federation of Trades Unions was likely to concern itself actively with the dispute.—Reuter.

CANADIAN OUTLOOK
Toronto, July 15.—Canadian railway unions today cabled the British Prime Minister, Mr Clement Attlee, and Mr Arthur Denkin, Secretary of the Transport and General Workers

NO LOSS OF LIFE WHEN M. V. SINKS

It was learned today, in connection with the sinking of the motor vessel, *Sheung Hei*, off Cheung Chau Island, which occurred on Friday, while she was on a journey from Macao to Hongkong, that there was no loss of life. All passengers and members of the crew were rescued dry.

It was further stated that the rescue was effected by several sampans which went to the aid of the sinking 100-ton vessel owned by the Hop Yick Company.

The *Sheung Hei* came to grief in heavy seas and it is probable that the vessel cannot be recovered.

An earlier message to the Marine Police stated that another ship had seen the motor vessel in distress and sinking.

EDITORIAL

Protection Of Children

THE sordid tale told in a magistrate's court on Thursday of a woman's cruel treatment and criminal neglect of a four-year-old girl must have shocked many a newspaper reader. It was certainly one of the worst cases of its kind brought to light in Hongkong. In reporting the offender, her fellow tenants took a commendable, public-spirited step and showed a fine sense of humane concern: the fact that the child, an orphan, will now be under the wing of our welfare authorities and given the medical treatment she requires, with the chance of growing up in a decent, normal way, will be their reward. The Chinese people as a whole are fond of children, and deliberate cruelty to children is not common, though, unfortunately, among the poorer classes there is a great deal of unthinking callousness on the part of grown-ups towards the physical and mental well-being of the young. Some parents border on the despotism: in seeking to correct waywardness, they sometimes punish thoughtlessly and with too heavy a hand. Sometimes, over trifles, a child may be caused much unnecessary mental anguish by the way in which he or she is spoken to or otherwise treated. Parental authority is only too easily ruffled, and the penalty often bears no relation to the degree of severity of the offence. In many other ways which do not directly cause suffering, physical or mental, are children neglected. The

attitude arises from a lack of education. The unremitting efforts of our social reformers—in particular, the valuable work of the Society for the Protection of Children—have done much to improve the lot of under-privileged children in Hongkong, while the lead set has inspired the community generally to take a keener interest in child welfare. There is, however, a great deal more that can be done. As the welfare workers cannot penetrate into every home, or possibly know of every case, requiring help or advice, a responsibility is left to every right-thinking citizen who knows of any instance where a child may be badly treated, or is in want of interest, himself in effecting a correction of the situation. Largely, however, it is by example and by direction wherever and whenever the opportunity or the need arises that we may hope to make universal a more enlightened outlook towards children. The case of the unfortunate four-year-old referred to, recalls to mind other recent cases where the children concerned had been sold by poor parents in China and brought into the Colony, ostensibly as wards. A point for argument is whether people who buy these children may not be perpetuating the mutual system—a notorious practice that has been made illegal in Hongkong—and whether closer investigation should not be made to determine if such is or is not the position.

As the shadows shorten

Time nearer you approach the Equator the shorter the shadows and the longer the glasses. Where your glass is nearly as long as your shadow, thirst is a major industry.

There in the glasses of those who really know the subject, you find Rose's Lime Juice, Nature's finest answer to thirst, the pure juice of the lime with its own reviving tang and pure cane sugar for flavour and energy.

When you're sun baked, parched and dry—keep your mind on the Rose's ahead, long, liquid, cool, thinking with ice.

When you have a really first-class thirst make the most of it with Rose's.

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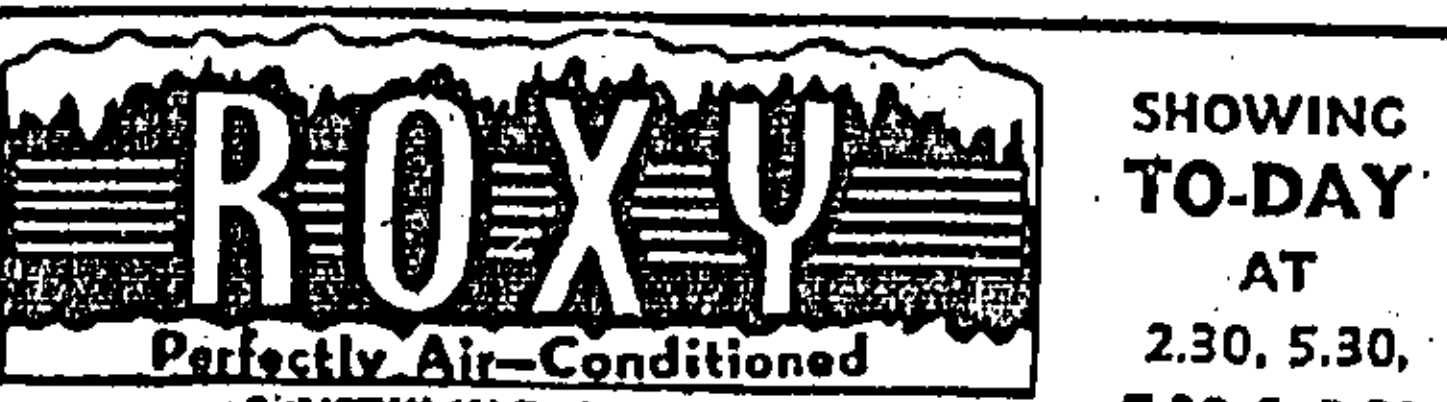
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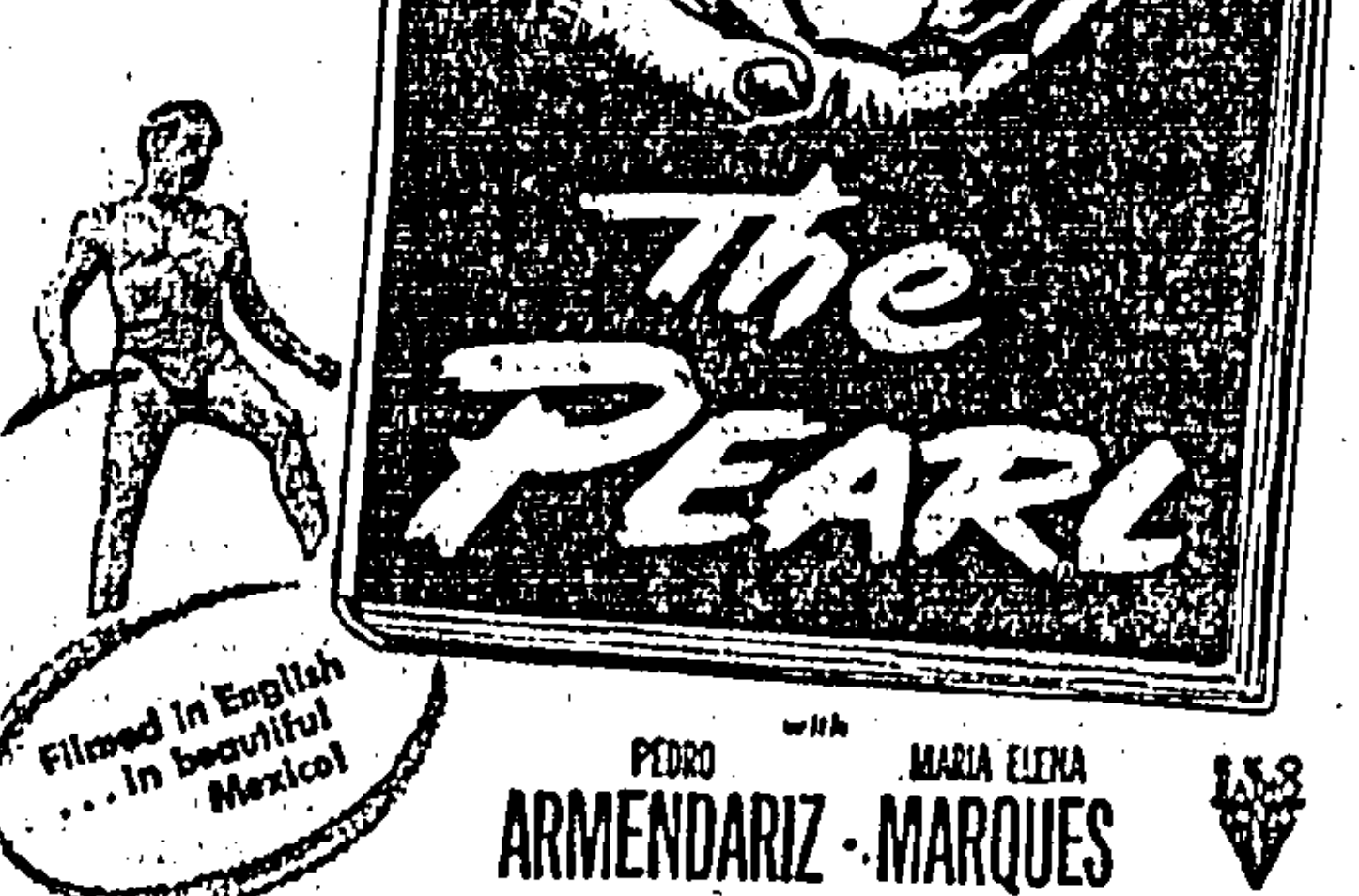
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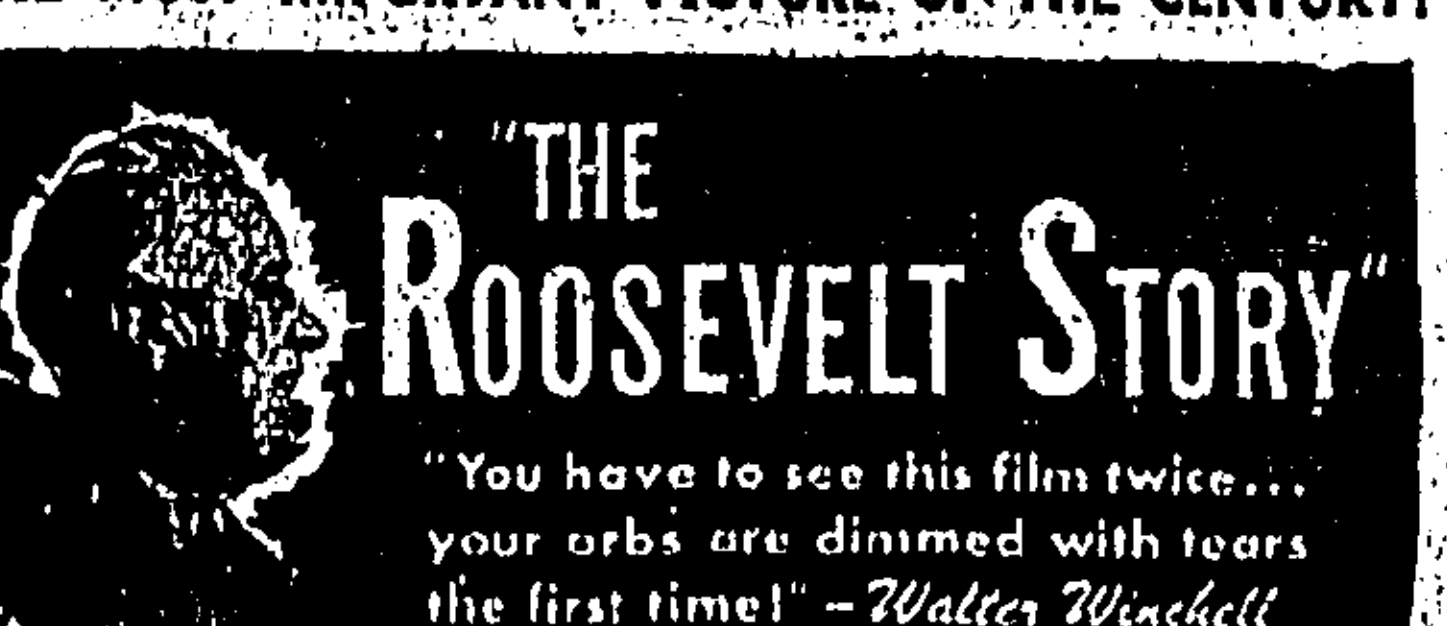
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TIGER AND LEOPARD... PANTHER AND CROCODILE...
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Dollars, dollars —BUT NOT FOR MR. GREENE

From FREDERICK COOK

LEAVING artistic merit out of the discussion and judging only by the profit-and-loss account, the Broadway season just closed saw 15 hits and 47 failures.

The hits cost around \$475,000 to produce, and at the last balancing up had earned back some \$550,000. But the backers of the flops had lost about \$1,250,000.

Here are the statistics on South Pacific, financially speaking the biggest hit of the year (and perhaps of all time if it goes on as it has begun):

The Bank of England have refused to gamble \$10 worth of dollars a day on Mr. Graham Greene's chances of turning his novel, *The Heart of the Matter*, into a successful Broadway show in 35 days. The civil servants called Broadway "an unknown quantity." Were they right? Here the Evening Standard's New York reporter looks into the mathematics of a New York hit show.

the year (and perhaps of all time if it goes on as it has begun):

The show is a presentation of Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein, the producing firm with which Graham Greene had wanted to do business, in association with Joshua Logan and Leland Hayward. It is adapted from James Michener's book, *Tales of the South Pacific*.

Adaptation of the story was done by Hammerstein and Logan. Rodgers wrote the music, Hammerstein the lyrics. The show was staged by Logan at the Majestic Theatre, a Shubert house.

The play is owned by a company, *Surrey Enterprises Inc.* The company is owned in turn in equal parts by Messrs Rodgers and Hammerstein.

PRODUCTION was financed with \$250,250, advanced by some 40 backers in the form of loans. Earnings are being used to repay the loans first. When they are repaid half of the earnings go to the backers and half to the four men who created the show.

The producers' share is split 60 percent to Surrey Enterprises Inc., 28 2-3 percent to Logan and 12 1-3 percent to Hayward.

Two of the major backers were Hayward and Twentieth-Century Fox Film Corporation. Howard S. Cullman, New York port boss and tobacco millionaire, was another. Identity of the others has never been disclosed.

Many Broadway shows are owned in limited partnership. Ownership of *South Pacific* by a company means that its profits, going into an incorporation, are taxed only 38 percent. Under United States tax law, an individual is limited in the amount of losses he may deduct from his tax return. A company is not. Had the show

played to capacity in both towns it opened on Broadway on April 7, at a total cost of \$40,740—loss of only \$750 on the tryout.

Advance sales in New York amounted to around \$115,000. The show has played to capacity every performance since, with 50 people standing (the legal limit) at 10s each. Including these, the gross each week since opening has been just under \$12,000.

CHIP OFF THE OLD PROFILE



John Barrymore Jr. (right), hands pen and contract to Producer George Templeton after signing for his first movie, "Thunder in the Dust," a western which will give him \$7,500 in salary.

Bearing a marked resemblance to his famed father, he is embarking on a screen career which he hopes will take him to the heights his father ascended. —AP Picture.

The Week's Screen Fare

The Pearl (ROXY)—This is a strikingly dramatic version of John Steinbeck's *The Pearl* of La Paz. Two of Latin America's foremost stars, Pedro Armendariz and Maria Elena Marques, head a cast of outstanding character actors.

Special mention should go to Gabriel Figueroa for capturing the photographic beauty of the native land and translating it to the screen with distinction and integrity.

The story: A fisherman finds a fabulous pearl. But the story of the find has travelled. Riches no sooner stare him in the face than the ruthlessness of the wild country seeks to deprive him of it. The film version captures the style of Steinbeck in a manner that Hollywood managed only once before—in the *Grapes of Wrath*.

Tarzan the Ape Man (QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA)—This was Weissmuller's first and is now re-issued, an act of kindness for the many children who did not see this first of the series, as much the only Tarzan film classic yet as Burroughs' *Tarzan of the Apes* deserves to be read as the first and best of the Tarzan stories.

When it was first released, somewhere way back in the early 1930s, MGM had given it the best imaginable in the Tarzan atmosphere plus Weissmuller and the original Jane, Maureen O'Sullivan.

Its wild animal scenes and the thrills thrown in are still, perhaps, the best ever managed.

John Loves Mary (LEE) is a better than average comedy with the romantic appeal provided by a newcomer, Patricia Neal. Ronald Reagan, Jack Carson, Edward Arnold, Wayne Morris and Virginia Field head a capable cast.

This is another picture in the postwar readjustment series with a Good Sam type returning veteran finding that his buddy had played him into a rather unusual situation when he handsomely brings him home a bride. Telling more would spoil the picture. There's a good laugh in the catch.

Black Bart (KING'S) is about Lola Montez and Phineas T. Barnum. *'A Fool Is Born Every Minute'* fame. The acting is California in technique and the period that when Montez was not yet an internationally famous dancing beauty playing a role of sorts in the fortunes of the courts of Europe.

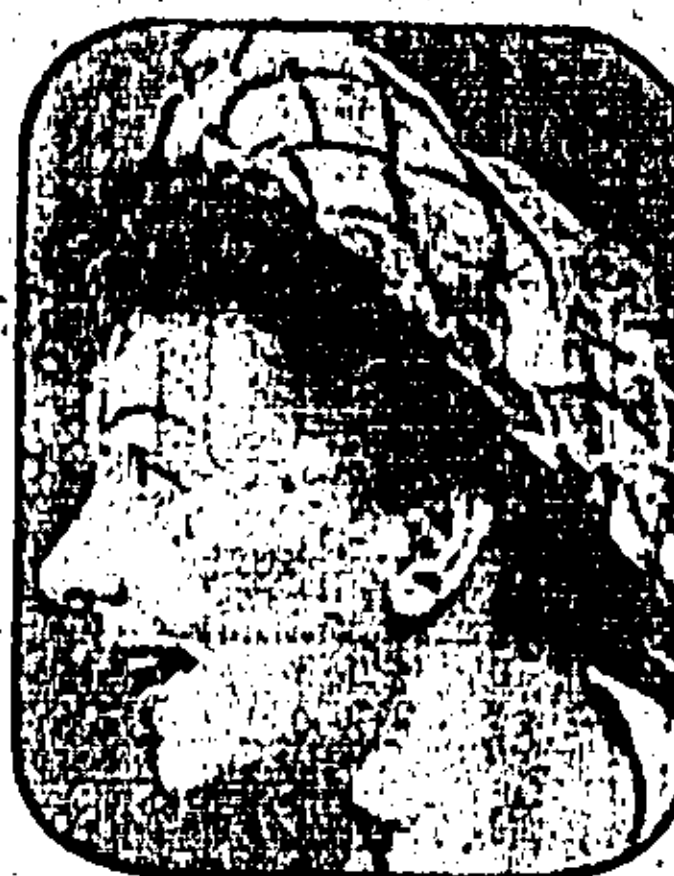
Yvonne De Carlo is, of course, Montez, and the dances alone are worth the time. Dan Duray is Black Bart, the Gentleman Bandit, scourge of the Wells Fargo Express. Otherwise, it's a Western.

Two Who Met Again

WAY back in the late twenties, when Cecil B. de Mille was making *The Sign of the Cross*, an up-and-coming Hollywood star named Fredric March met a British extra called David Macdonald, who was breaking into American movies by carrying a spear for five dollars a day. Now both are Academy Award winners—March for his performance in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* and The Best Years of Our Lives, and Macdonald for his direction of the brilliant British war-time documentary *Desert Victory*.

Next time they met was at Gainsborough Studios on the set of Christopher Columbus. March was the star and David Macdonald the director of this film, which has just had the biggest royal premiere in London for many months. Queen Mary headed the audience, and many distinguished people from court, political and entertainment circles were present.

GUY MIDDLETON, whose last film was Gainsborough's marriage bureau picture, *Marry Me*, lost his title as the screen's most eligible bachelor when he was married to New York showgirl Anita Arden at St. George's, Hanover Square, London.



MARY MARTIN
... the Pacific 15 terrific

The contract with the Shubert brothers, owners of the theatre, provides for rent of 25 percent of the gross up to \$10,000. The house gets nothing on the gross between \$10,000 and \$12,000. But it draws 25 percent of anything over \$12,000. So the rent, on a gross of \$12,000, comes to \$2,537 10s.

On Broadway it is highly unusual for a theatre not to share in all of the box office gross and mostly the house share far exceeds 25 percent. The Shuberts did not give such favourable terms to Messrs. Rodgers and Hammerstein out of friendship. They are a team with a knack of turning into gold everything they touch.

The authors of *South Pacific*—Michener, Rodgers, Hammerstein and Logan—share a royalty of 10 percent. It is believed that Michener, Hammerstein and Rodgers get 3 percent each and Logan, who assisted on the story treatment, gets 1 percent. As director, Logan draws another 2 percent of the gross.

The stars Ezio Pinza and Mary Martin get 10 percent each, with a guarantee of \$500 a week. That total of 26 percent added to the rent brings operating costs to around \$5,820 10s. Salaries for the rest of the cast, extra stagehands (a basic crew is included in the rent), hire of lighting and sound equipment, Press agent's salary of \$68 15s a week, office expenses of around \$87 a week, general manager and company manager at around \$100 to \$125 a week, share of advertising costs (around \$400 a week) and various other costs run total operating expenses up to around \$2,700 a week. The net has thus been in the region of \$2,050.

The day the show opened on Broadway, the backers got back their first return, 10 percent. There has been another payment of 20 percent. A third, also of 20 percent, is due shortly.

The entire investment is likely to have been paid off by the first week in September and after that the backers come into their inheritance: half of the profits for ever.

And that is not all. A touring company is expected a year hence. This is likely to make as much money as the Broadway production. A London production is regarded as certain to make almost as much.

There will probably never be a film version of *South Pacific*. It is unlikely ever to be seen on television. Messrs. Rodgers and Hammerstein have a standard policy of not selling these rights.

Indications are that *South Pacific* may well become the biggest money-making show of all time, topping even such successes as *Annie Get Your Gun* (which on Broadway took \$1,450,000, plus \$2,075,000 on tour and thousands more overseas) and *Oklahoma* (\$1,771,500 on Broadway and \$2,875,000 so far on tour, again not including foreign income).

—(London Express Service).

"SWEATER GIRL"



Hollywood's Motion Picture Photographers Association, which should know a thing or two about the wool brigade, named Actress Jane Greer (above) as its "1949 Sweater Girl." She succeeds Marie Wilson of the movies, who won last year.—AP Picture.

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YOUR RADIO LISTENING FOR NEXT WEEK IN DETAIL—A "TELEGRAPH" FEATURE

"Anthony And Cleopatra" Over Radio Hongkong Next Week

The first part of Val Gielgud's production of William Shakespeare's Anthony and Cleopatra will be broadcast on Thursday at 9.11 p.m. over Radio Hongkong in the World Theatre series of the BBC Transcription Service.

A particularly brilliant cast is headed by Fay Compton as Cleopatra and Clifford Evans as Anthony. Enobarbus, Anthony's trusted lieutenant who deserted him at the eleventh hour, is played by Bernard Miles who has to his credit a number of most distinguished performances in the theatre, films and radio.

12.12 "BAND CALL." Orchestra conducted by Sir John Gurr, with the Chorus. Festival in Saville: Let's try again; Moonlight on the Alster; When you are there; To the Road to Ireland; Dance of the Swans; Selection "Can Can"; 1.00 HILLY MAYERL AND HIS ORCHESTRA.

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2.10 "MUCH BINDING IN THE MAHSE." (LONDON RELAY). 2.15 STUDIO: HOSPITAL. QUEST HALF HOUR. Presented by Joan Murray. 2.20 STUDIO: PORTUGUESE HALF HOUR.

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Anna Magnani, the celebrated Italian film star, voted actress of the year in the United States for her performance as Pina in Roberto Rossellini's Open City, visited London recently and during her stay broadcast home in the British Broadcasting Corporation's Italian Service.

Anna Magnani is a phenomenon, a film star who does not care how she is photographed. She is the antithesis of the usual elegant, exquisitely coiffed, perfectly made up and over-groomed film star. Clothes and glamour do not appeal to Anna Magnani; they bore her, although she has a weakness for jewels.

Geraldo and His Orchestra with Eve Hecke and Archie Lewis (Vocal). Cherry: In the land of beginning again; And anyone who knows; Tip Top Tunes; Poor little rich girl; Oranges and Lemons; A hint, got nobody; Late of Capri; Cap hands, here comes Charlie.

10.45 DANCE TO BENNY GOODMAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA. Music Maestro Please (Wurlitzer)—Benny Goodman; The Way You Look Tonight (Goodman)—Benny Goodman; The Way You Look Tonight (Goodman)—Benny Goodman; The Way You Look Tonight (Goodman)—Benny Goodman.

10.50 RADIO NEWSREEL (LONDON RELAY). 11.00 RADIO NEWSREEL (LONDON RELAY). 11.05 RADIO NEWSREEL (LONDON RELAY). 11.10 RADIO NEWSREEL (LONDON RELAY).

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For Perfect Listening

TONIGHT'S HIGHLIGHTS

Down Harmony Lane	7.00
The Nestle's Programme	8.15
The Super-Cola Sports Roundup	8.30
Dance Time—Harry James	9.00
Vincent Lopez	9.15
Rediffusion Concert Hall	9.30

CALL 2667/8

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REDIFFUSION

Wicksteed unpacks his bag



BERNARD WICKSTEED'S great journey is over. His Round-the-World Air Ticket No. 1 is used up after 12 weeks of adventure. Today he tears the labels off his case and tells you the memories each one recalls...

LONDON. WELL, here we are back in England after flying round the world. Everybody keeps saying "What was it like?" and I find it very difficult to answer.

That's the fault of the modern aeroplane. It moves too fast. You are always getting to the next place before you have time to digest what you saw and did in the last.

Five hours after circling the Acropolis in Athens, for instance, you are looking down on the pyramids of Egypt. Flitting from one civilisation to another at this speed gives you mental indigestion.

But now that I'm home, unpacking my bag, the memories come trickling back. Off come the luggage labels, one by one, and each brings a forgotten experience to mind. The process goes something like this:

Prague. I REMEMBER it. That was my first stop. I wonder how that Frenchman I met in the bar of the Alkron Hotel is getting on.

He was going to marry a Czech girl, and the day before the wedding the police took her away as a spy.

We drank "Scotch" whisky made in Poland, and the Frenchman told me the police forced her to write a letter saying she was escaping over the border into Germany, but he'd found out she was in a Prague goal all the time.

I don't suppose I'll ever know the end of that story. I left the next day, and I've forgotten his name.

Athens. THAT'S where I REMEMBER it. I picked up a chip of marble from a stone-mason's pile at the Parthenon.

I carried it round in my pocket till I got to Alaska, where I gave it to a driver of the Highway Patrol.

He was putting up a log cabin in the woods, and had spent two years hunting for odd, coloured stones to build a fancy fireplace. He liked the idea of incorporating a bit of the Parthenon in it, and said he'd send me an Alaskan gold nugget in exchange. I don't know if he ever will.

Cairo. THE CHAP who showed me round told me about a man who thought the world was coming to an end.

and insisted on spending his last night on earth inside the largest of the pyramids. Next morning, when nothing had happened, someone took him in a cup of tea and asked how he felt.

He apologised for the miscalculation, but said he'd stay on because he was sure everything would turn out all right in the end. He might have been there still if the suspense of waiting for the end of the world had not driven him to drink.

He was removed when tourists began to complain that there was a strange Englishman inside the pyramid. The whole place reeked of gin, they said, and the sarcophagus of Cheops was full of empty bottles.

Basra. THAT'S where I met a man who makes a living selling mud. He said he got £4 a ton for it from the oil companies, who use it when they are drilling wells.

It was there too, that I went to a feast at which the host served us two sheep roasted whole. We pulled off the bits we fancied, and ate them with our fingers.

The Englishman next to me, who'd been in those parts some years, said: "This sort of thing is all right at first, but what wouldn't give for a Yarmouth kipper..."

Agra. THAT'S where the Taj Mahal is. There's a notice outside the main gate saying: "First-class guides, two rupees; second-class guides, one rupee."

I saw it alone for no rupees, paddling about by moonlight in my bare feet on the cool marble terraces, and picking my way between the Indians who sat in little groups by the lily ponds talking in sibilant whispers.

It was peaceful and beautiful, but for some perverse reason the part I remember most vividly is the cup of tea I had on my way there from Delhi.

The journey took hours and hours, and it was so hot in the car I thought I'd die. At last we came to a place called Muttra, where they had a railway station with a buffet.

The cakes were awful, but the sweet, scalding hot tea saved my reason, if not my life.

Colombo. I HAVE gone on record as saying that Ceylon is one of the loveliest places on earth. The day after I sent that message home we

had 11.73 ins. of rain in 24 hours. That's nearly as much as London gets in six months.

I was caught out by the storm while riding in an ancient taxi. The road turned into a river, the engine spluttered and stopped, and the roof leaked so much that to remain inside was to risk being drowned.

The only thing to do was to put into the nearest house, and there I was entertained for six hours by a family of brown people, who were so charming and courteous that my opinion of Ceylon is now even higher than before.

Singapore. THE THING I remember about Malaya is the night I spent with a lonely planter on his rubber estate.

There was barbed wire round the bungalow to keep the bandits away, and we drank with revolvers on the table beside our glasses. The planter was so glad to see someone from home that we sat up talking all night.

"Round about 3 a.m. I said: 'Don't look up now, but I can see three pink lizards walking across the ceiling—one big one and two little ones.'"

"Don't worry about them," said the planter. "They're real. The big one's a cheeko and the little ones are chechaks. They don't fall off the ceiling because they've got suction pads on their fingers and toes."

Hongkong. A CHAP I met there turned out to be a preventive officer in the Customs service, and he took me out for a week-end in his launch. The days we spent anchored off an island—bathing, visiting the fishing villages, and listening to a Chinese cuckoo that sounded just like they do at home.

At night we prowled about in the launch, peering into the darkness for smugglers' junks. The second night we had a chase, but the cunning junk skipper eluded us by slipping into the middle of a fishing fleet at anchor, and pretending to be one of them himself. It was too dark for us to pick him out from the others.

What was he smuggling? Opium? Arms? Gold? Nothing so romantic, said my host. It would be either paraffin or rice.

Tokyo. I HAD a most delightful full escort on my travels to Japan. He was a Japanese ex-diplomat, who'd been to Oxford, Heidelberg, and Brixton Gaol. In between taking fellows, like myself round he tried to make a living selling insurance.

The only trouble was that he kept exposing my ignorance of conditions at home by asking after nearly everyone named in Debut, "By the way," he would say in faultless English, "what's happened to Lady So-and-So? Does she still hunt with the Pythches?"

Seattle. EVERY time you go to America you find they've invented a new kind of slot machine. They've got one now that serves four sorts of hot coffee—black with sugar, black without, white with or white without, according to which knob you push.

But the one I liked best was the automatic life insurance machine that you find at every airport. You put in a quarter (1s. 3d. fill in your name, pull a handle and out comes a policy for £1,250.

But even in America things don't always work out as they should. I put in my quarter but, when I pulled the handle, instead of a policy I got two quarters back.

This seemed good business, so I put in one of the quarters again and pulled the handle once more. This time I got a policy all right, but it was made out in favour of a Mr. Cesare Bollicelli for a flight from Seattle to Italy.

Montreal. THERE'S an old reservation in the north took over the empty desks of the top executives in all Government offices. They declared all "bureaucratic capital"—factories, properties, and firms of Chiang Kai-shek's backers—to be Government property.

Twelve members of this force were identified as Chinese, Moscow-trained political and economic advisers. The rest were the pick of the Communist

trainees from north of the Yangtze.

That initial force is multiplying rapidly as re-education swells its ranks with enthusiastic "New Democrats." The city's municipal staff are just beginning a month's course of political training "to reform their thoughts and ideas by democratic discussion."

Workers who cannot be spared are dealt with on their jobs by special squads whose most fanatical members are uniformed girls of 16 to 20 years.

With lectures on the New China, followed by party songs and dances, these expert cheer-leaders whip their meetings to frenzies of enthusiasm.

And new rules

THE foreign and Chinese businessmen get their share of reformation in daily spates of trade, taxation, banking, and currency regulations. These have already put more than \$3 million worth of foreign cash into the People's Bank, in exchange for the scarlet notes of the People's Money.

Labour is getting its reformation by a brisk change of ideas. It is learning with painful distaste that its previous freedom to strike, agitate, and blackmail extra bonuses is not tolerated when it holds up production.

The idle butterflies of Shanghai must reform too. Lipstick and nylons are declared reactionary.

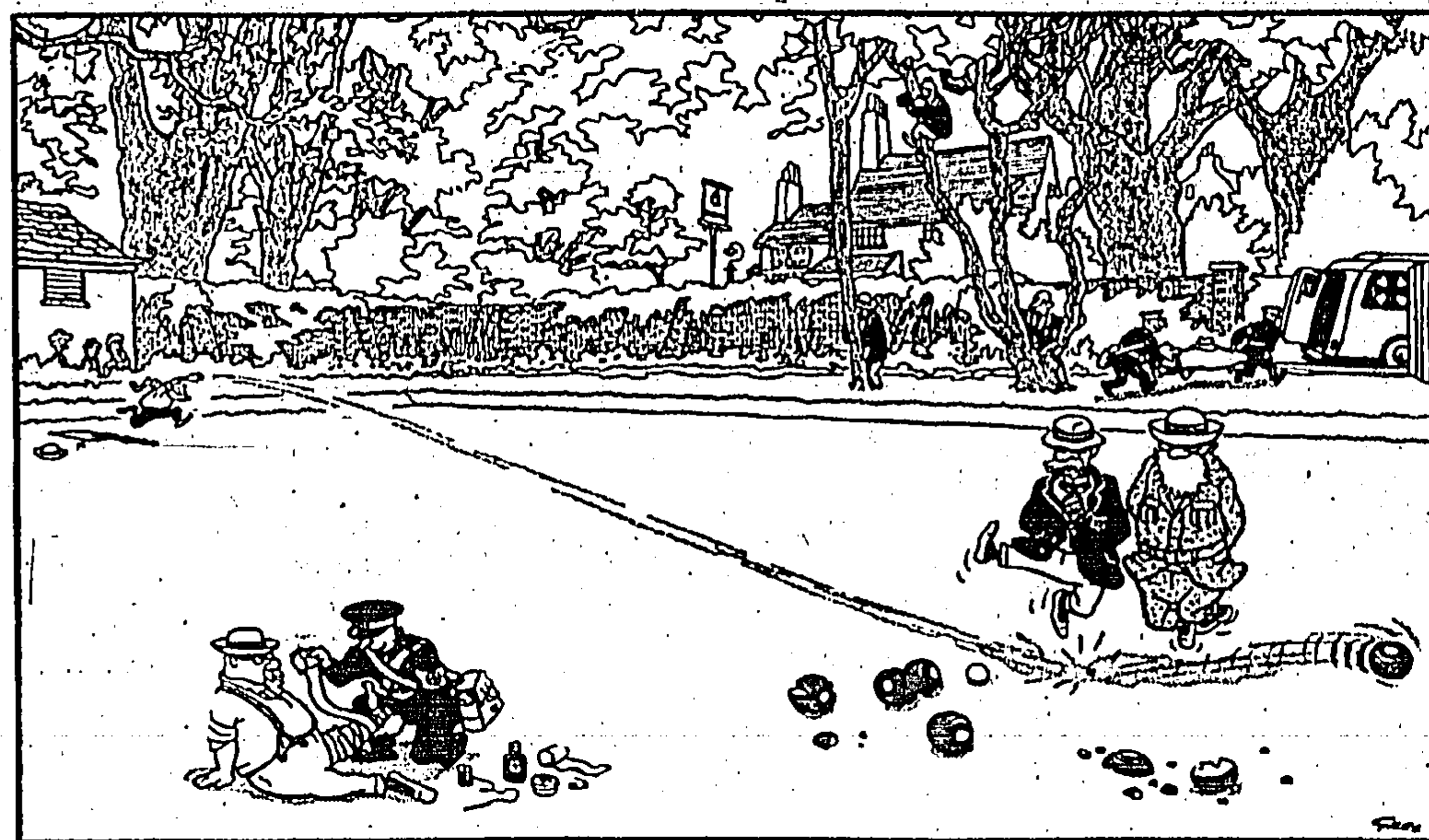
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"That day at the Test Match sure put some zip into boy Sam's bowls."

LONDON EXPRESS SERVICE

Sydney Smith sends his first report from Shanghai

You Daren't Argue With A Rickshaw Boy Today

Shanghai, June 30. WHEN the Chinese Nationalists scrambled ignominiously south from Shanghai last month they left a city of 5½ million people, almost prostrated by years of corruption, vandalism, and misgovernment.

Yesterday's bombs, dropped by the Nationalists in the northern section of Shanghai, were the first interruption of the city's quiet reformation.

For the Communists came in, unfrightened by the gloomy forecasts that Shanghai would be too big for them, and started their clean-up with none of the expected heavy-handed force, sweeping purges, or paralysing readjustments.

They told Shanghai to get on with its work and behave. Nothing more.

It means a lot of uneasy things already—such as military control officers visiting private homes, factories, and offices to ask loyal Chinese why they are working for foreigners.

It means it is best not to argue with your rickshaw driver—if he wants more money—or you may find you have behaved "in a proud and arrogant fashion" which will land you rapidly in a people's police station, getting summary judgment with costs.

Foreign diplomats are received by the Foreign Affairs Bureau in a private capacity only, and one British Consul member who admitted he was making an official query found his interview abruptly ended.

The American chief of the UNRRA organisation, who wrote a note of protest to the Military Government about the handling of stores, has received the note back—torn in small pieces.

Most foreigners are still prepared to believe that such an attitude will end with an understanding by the new regime of the aid that foreigners can give.

There is no doubt that so far the Communists are handling the reformation of this great rambling, gold-loving city with a good deal of sense and skill.

They know they have captured it—now they are trying to win it.

(London Express Service)

No spikee

IT means that none of your former Chinese Government friends will speak to you in English any more.

The English courier notices in the cable office have gone. The friendly and obliging staff now answer in Chinese and look as though they could kick themselves when they forget and let slip an "Okay" as I hand in my message.

(London Express Service)

C.V.R. Thompson Crisis day in Reno

NEW YORK.

RENO, with a record number of visitors all seeking either easy divorce or a legal gambling table, faced a crisis the other day.

Every bartender, cook, waiter, and bottlewasher went on strike without warning.

So the churchmen forgot all their sermons and came to the rescue of the divorcees and the gamblers.

Women do-gooders organised a municipal food service in a few hours. They took over all the city parks, and hired cowboys to roast pigs and cattle whole.

They served all-comers from a menu announced by loud-speakers: "All the roast beef or pork you can eat for 50 cents."

The crisis was not enough for the churches to take over the bars. Local business men stepped in there.

In one hotel, five millionaires became barmen. And they got fast money customers than the regular bartenders, because they served drinks as they liked them—a glassful of whisky with just a dash of soda.

ANTI-SLUMP BILLS to prevent the present depression from worsening are ready to go before Congress at a moment's notice. The Bills will spend nearly \$4,000 million at home, making jobs in depressed areas through public works and other devices.

PROGRESS report on TV in the US: In six months still in operation. Increased from 50 to 70; sets in use rose from about 1 million to 2 million.

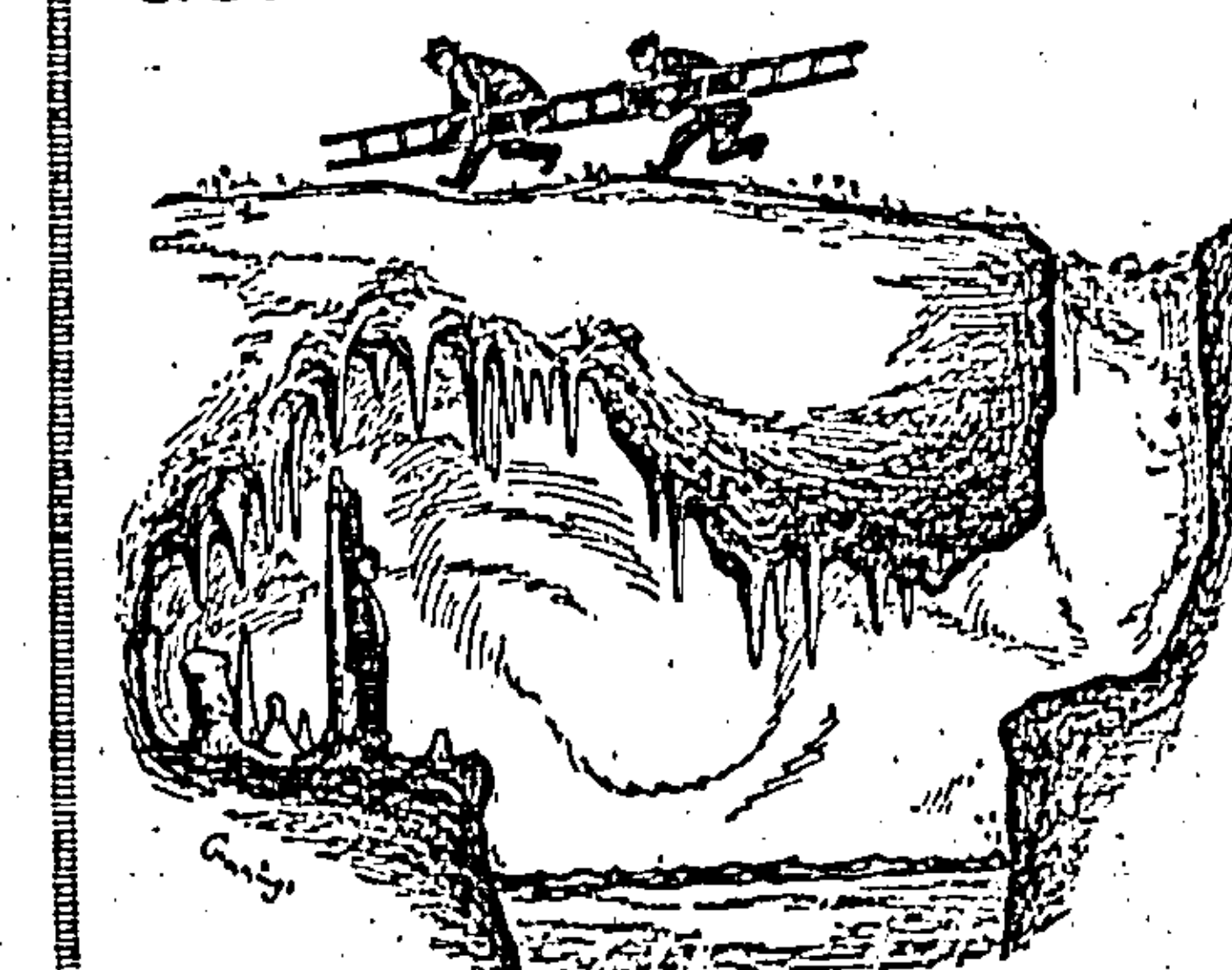
FIRST man accused of being a hit-and-run pilot in US history comes up for trial in Wadley, Alabama, soon. Robert Fenwick is charged with failing to report that he knocked a farmer off his hay wagon and killed him while circling in search of an emergency landing place. He will be charged with manslaughter.

CONGRESSMEN wanting to make trips at the taxpayer's expense this summer will have to get Congresswoman Mary Norton's permission. And she promised their excuses would have to be good.

VOTERS at Lake Besek, a summer resort in Connecticut, have decided by a two-thirds majority not to change the sign at its boundaries from "For Christians only" to "For Gentiles only."

(London Express Service)

Get Him Out of This!



by ERNEST DUDLEY
The Armchair Detective

THE priceless Dragon's Blood Ruby belonging to the celebrated physician, Dr. Wince, has been stolen from the owner's home at Ouch-on-the-Crouch, Beds.

Snip Carlton, Insurance Agent, is investigating the crime. He suspects the Irish butler named G. O'Rilla, who anyway looks ideally cast for a second-fortune film with an "H" certificate.

Also Snip Carlton has seen O'Rilla hobnobbing in the local Barnard's Arms with Feline Fred, the notorious cat-burglar.

While Snip Carlton is being decoyed by the coy parlourmaid, Anna Thekla, over a cup of tea, jam-puffs, and sidelong glances, O'Rilla and Fred creep up behind their unsuspecting victim and knock Snip Carlton senseless with a rock-slice.

When he regains consciousness, he finds himself chained

hand and foot to an 8ft. Gur, high stalagmite in a subterranean cavern. He is also gagged by an old gag of Dick Bentley's.

At his feet is a chasm 14ft. wide in the floor of the cavern. Several feet below, water which goes down to unfathomable depths—by some underground freak every hour completely fills the cavern.

O'Rilla and Fred have, of course, made their getaway from the Cavern of Doom by a ladder placed across the chasm and by a rope-ladder up the entrance-shaft. Rather glibly they have taken step ladder and rope-ladder with them.

So, once again, Snip Carlton faces a ghastly death by (A) Starvation, (B) Cramp, or (C) Drowning by the rising water in the chasm. Unless you GET HIM OUT OF THIS! All the clues are in the picture.

(SOLUTION ON PAGE 18)

But the one I liked best was the automatic life insurance machine that you find at every airport. You put in a quarter (1s. 3d. fill in your name, pull a handle and out comes a policy for £1,250.

But even in America things don't always work out as they should. I put in my quarter but, when I pulled the handle, instead of a policy I got two quarters back.

This seemed good business, so I put in one of the quarters again and pulled the handle once more. This time I got a policy all right, but it was made out in favour of a Mr. Cesare Bollicelli for a flight from Seattle to Italy.

Montreal. THERE'S an old reservation in the north took over the empty desks of the top executives in all Government offices. They declared all "bureaucratic capital"—factories, properties, and firms of Chiang Kai-shek's backers—to be Government property.

Twelve members of this force were identified as Chinese, Moscow-trained political and economic advisers. The rest were the pick of the Communist

trainees from north of the Yangtze.

That initial force is multiplying rapidly as re-education swells its ranks with enthusiastic "New Democrats." The city's municipal staff are just beginning a month's course of political training "to reform their thoughts and ideas by democratic discussion."

Workers who cannot be spared are dealt with on their jobs by special squads whose most fanatical members are uniformed girls of 16 to 20 years.

With lectures on the New China, followed by party songs and dances, these expert cheer-leaders whip their meetings to frenzies of enthusiasm.

And new rules

THE foreign and Chinese businessmen get their share of reformation in daily spates of trade, taxation, banking, and currency regulations. These have already put more than \$3 million worth of foreign cash into the People's Bank, in exchange for the scarlet notes of the People's Money.

Labour is getting its reformation by a brisk change of ideas. It is learning with painful distaste that its previous freedom to strike, agitate, and blackmail extra bonuses is not tolerated when it holds up production.

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Some like 'em BIG (FOR BIG LOADS)

Ford 6 1/2 ft. bed-ton Pick-up, G.V.W. 4700 lbs. Choice of two engines, V-8 or 6. New integral-type rear axle.

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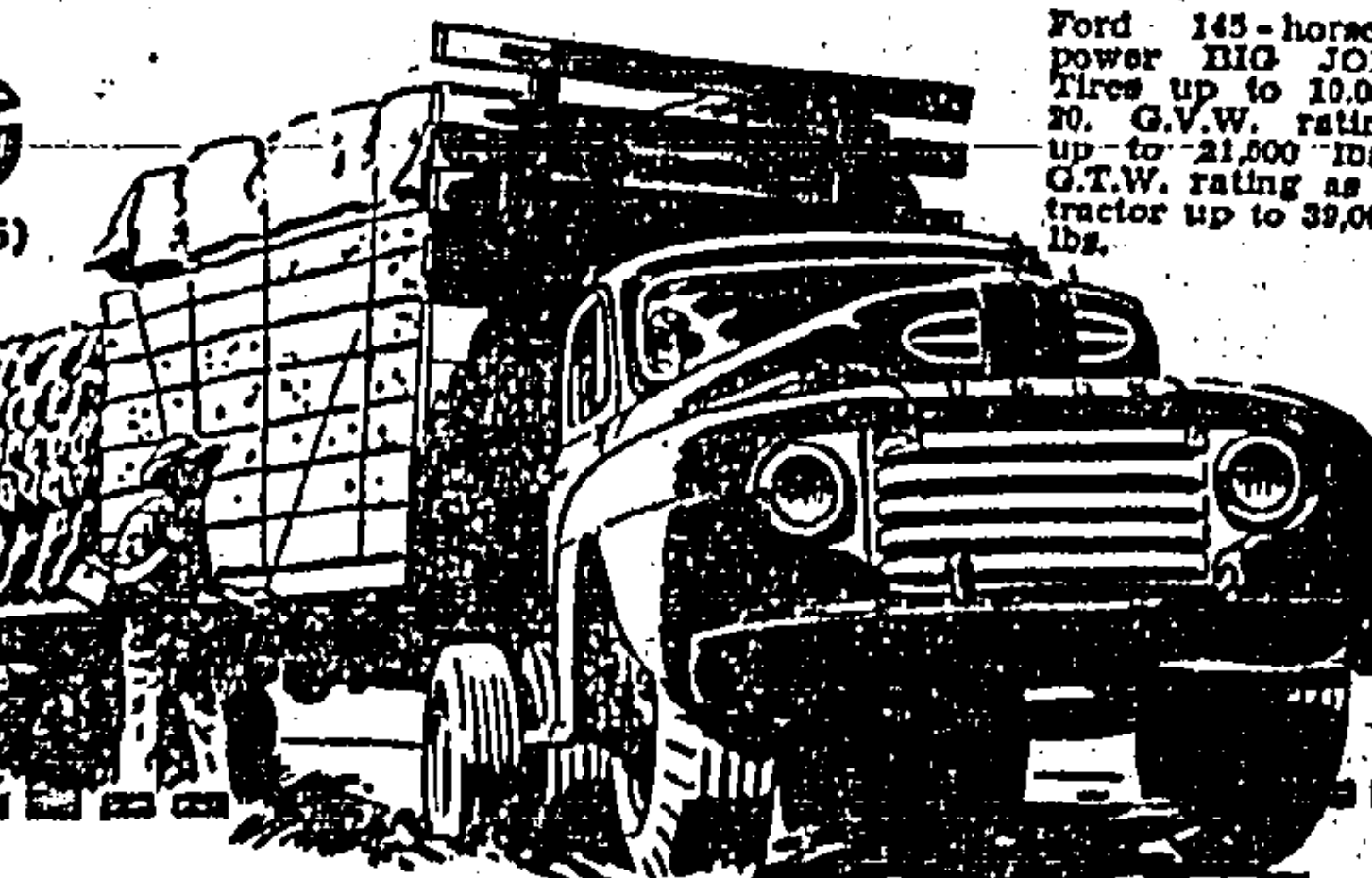
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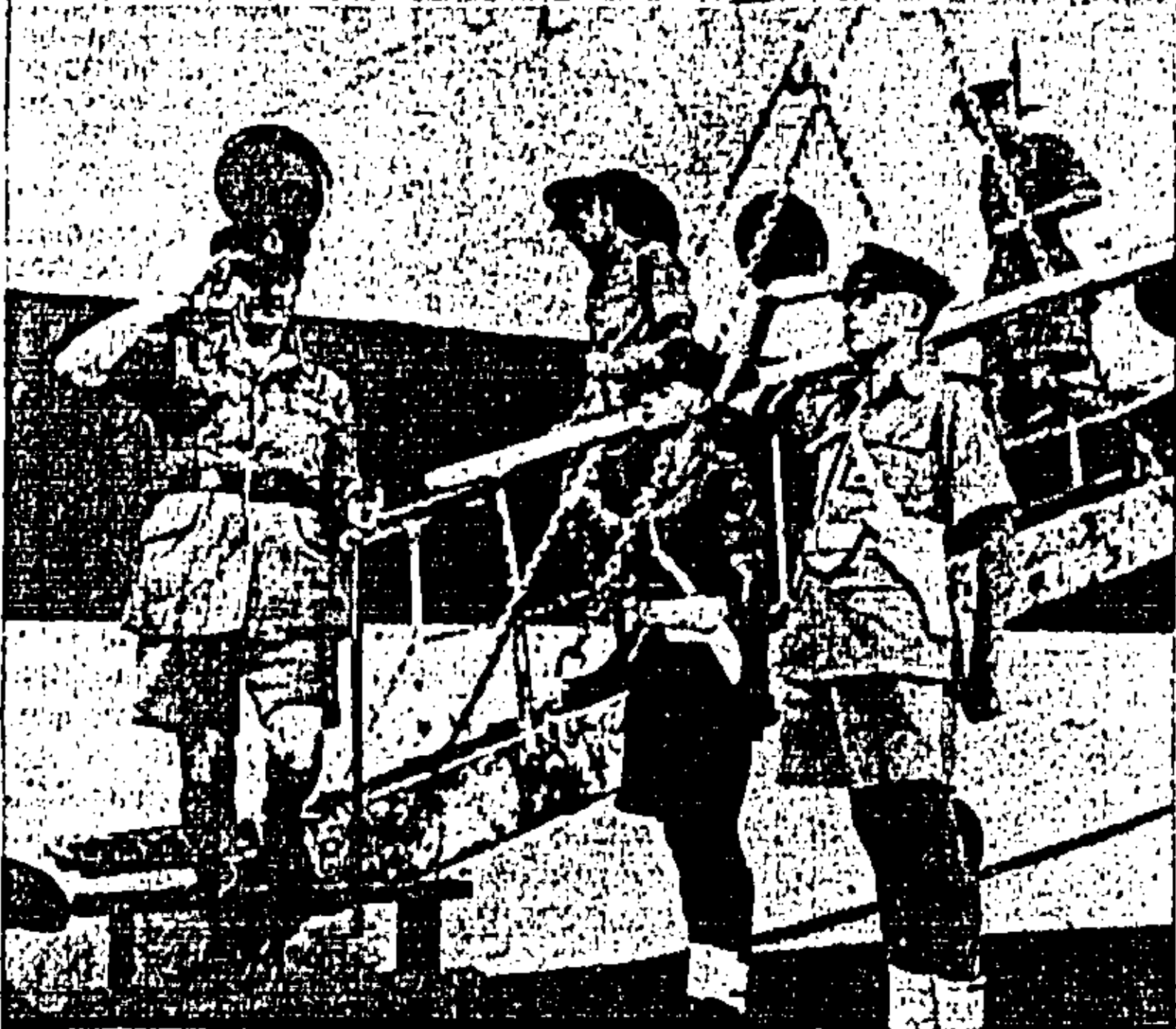
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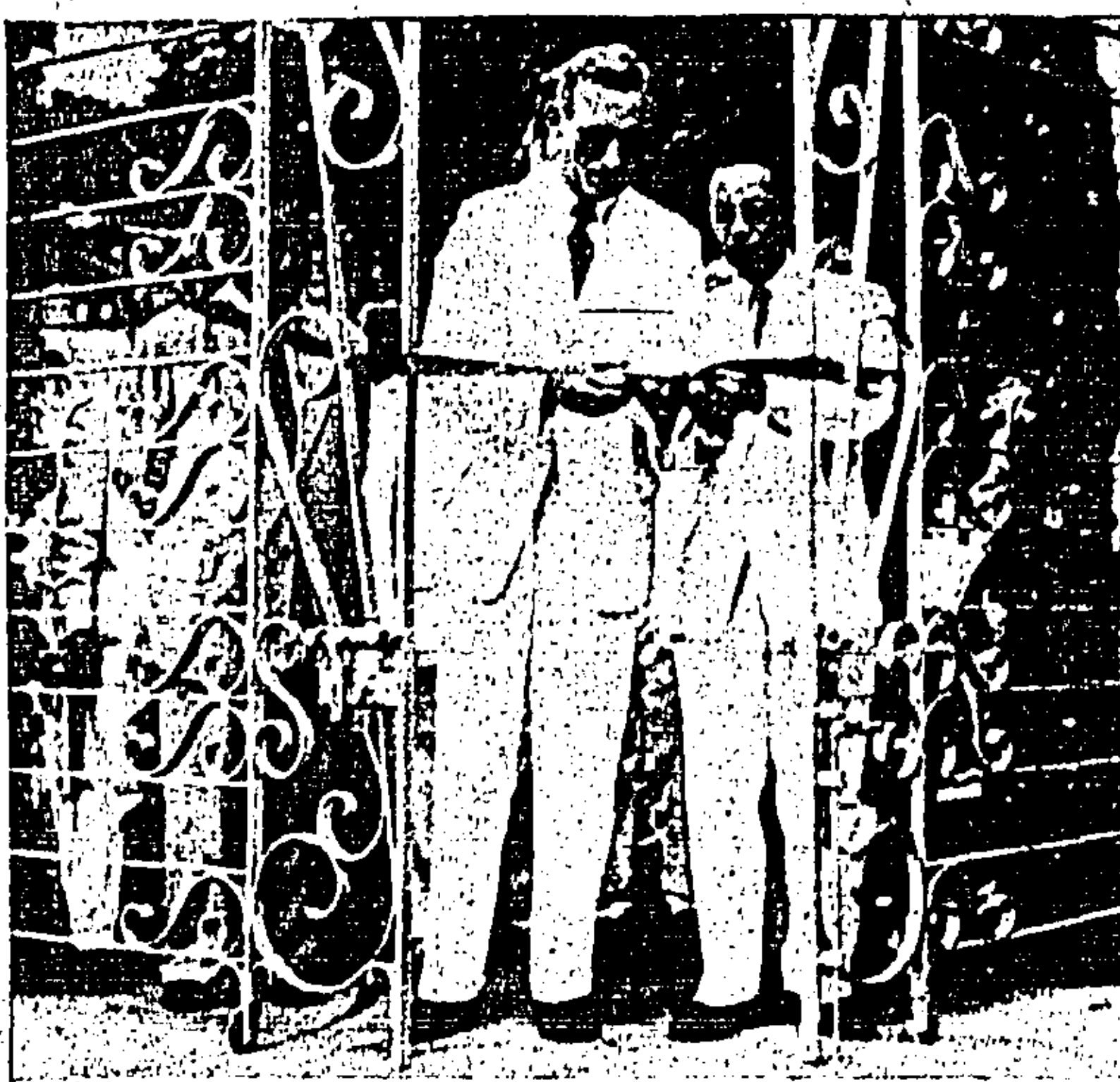
Ford 6 1/2 ft. bed-ton Pick-up, G.V.W. 4700 lbs. Choice of two engines, V-8 or 6. New



FURTHER reinforcements for the Hongkong Garrison arrived here last week in the troopship Dilwara. Pictures show some of the men after disembarkation on the wharf. Left: Lieut.-Gen. F. W. Fosting, GOC-in-Chief, Hongkong, leaves the troopship after seeing the new arrivals. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



GROUP photograph of the Headmaster, Mr. G. A. Goodban (seated in centre), and staff of the Diocesan Boys' School, taken at the School's speech day last week. (Ming Yuen). Right: Major-Gen. F. R. G. Matthews presenting prizes to the boys. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



THE Colonial Secretary, the Hon. J. F. Nicoll, cutting the ribbon to open the new Po Leung Kuk playground on Tuesday. (Golden Studio)



TWO pictures taken at the cocktail party given in honour of Mr. J. H. Warning, managing director of the Royal Inter-ocean Lines, who is shortly leaving Hongkong. Upper picture: Mr. Warning (right) is seen with Mr. B. J. Hoon. Lower picture shows (from left) Mrs. M. Lablans, Mrs. A. A. J. B. Mastour, Mrs. J. V. Kamerling, Mr. Ng Chak-wah, Mrs. W. de Wijn, Mr. de Wijn, Mr. A. C. Offenborg and Mrs. W. M. de Haan. (Golden Studio)



FRIENDS and colleagues of Mr. H. Ching, editor of the South China Morning Post (seated fifth from left), pose for a group photograph at a party which he gave shortly before his departure for Australia on furlough. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)

FASHIONS CHANGE



but never

Wills' **CAPSTAN** Cigarettes

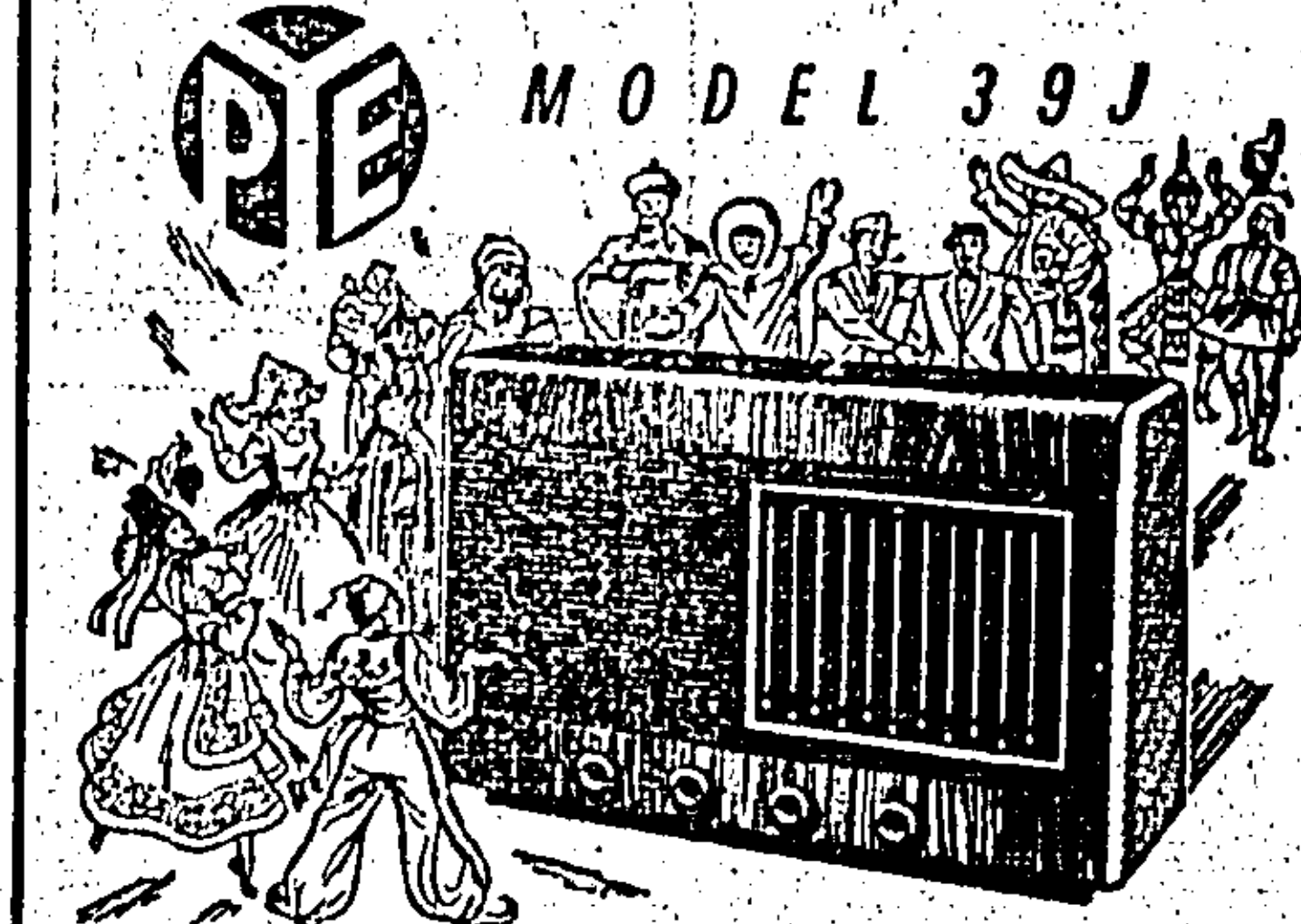
ALSO SOLD IN PACKETS OF 10 & 20



PICTURE taken on the occasion of the christening of Irene Maureen O'Gorman at the Rosary Church last Saturday. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



SCENE at the Accountant-General's office recently, when a drawing took place of Hongkong dollar loan bonds. From left: Messrs W. J. D. Cooper, S. J. Walton and W. R. N. Andrews. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



"The Finest Receiver in the World"

A bold statement for anyone to make. But having put this model through a thorough test, we can honestly say that if there is a finer Receiver in existence, we certainly have not come across it.

8 valve, 11 waveband, A.C. mains, Superhet.

MADE IN CAMBRIDGE
The Centre of Scientific Research

RADIO DEPT.
GILMAN & COMPANY LTD.
Gloucester Arcade Tel. 22017

- Superb World Wide performance.
- Fully bandspread on all short wavebands.
- Highly efficient Radio frequency stage providing extreme sensitivity.
- Accelerated automatic volume control which combats fading on short waves.
- Push-pull stage giving 8 watts undistorted output, 10" Permanent magnet loudspeaker.
- Fully Tropicalised.
- Beautifully proportioned cabinet, attractively finished in contrasting shades of Walnut, Grey and Ebony.

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

from
TOOTAL'S
— so good —
DRESSING GOWNS
in neat designs.
SPORTS NECKTIES
also "special" quality.
EVENING SHIRTS
extra cool bodies.
PYRAMID HANKIES
white or coloured.

All except the shirts are
on show in a window at

MACKINTOSH'S
Alexandra Building
Des Voeux Road.

ROMAN CONQUEST 1949

This time: The fashion market

What is the secret of the Italians' success in the world fashion market? VIVIEN BATCHELOR sends this how-they-do-it report from Rome.

Visiting London, Miss Dorothy Shaver, £27,000-a-year president of the New York department store Lord and Taylor, said:

"America wants to buy British goods. It is a pity that in several fields as far as women's wear and accessories are concerned Italy is well ahead of Britain."

THE Rome dressmaker has swept away the aura of mystery that clings to the ultra-formal and ballyhooed presentations of London and Paris.

He wants tourists to see his clothes—so he sends printed invitation cards to hotel managers. They fill in the names of each woman guest and send the invitation personally to her room.

In a third-floor hotel suite, where a show was being held, I squeezed myself between a smart Roman matron and an English tourist, who sighed:

"I don't really know what I'm doing here. I'll never be able to afford anything."

But we found that many of the models cost around £10. (In England "couture" prices start at about £40.)

After half an hour's delay because "the models are finish-

ing their lunch," the show started.

There were only two mannequins. In 30 minutes they showed 20 creations. (Try changing your clothes ten times in half an hour.)

The girls wore the same flat-heeled shoes for every dress—but that had a note of reality that is lacking in the more sophisticated Paris and London displays. For all the women in Rome wear flat heels: fares are dear and the average girl walks everywhere she can (or rides side saddle on the back of her boy friend's motorcycle). Bright colours are favoured, with green and red the favourites.

A striking feature of the mannequins is their normal-looking figures. They look like flesh-and-blood human beings—not remote half-starved goddesses such as we gaze upon in Paris and London. And they wear their clothes naturally without striking the elegant but unlikely poses of the mannequins.

There is at least one thing the Roman girl can teach English girls: the clever use of the basic blouse and skirt.

Good Wage

IN Rome, £3 a week is a good wage for a girl. She cannot afford many clothes, yet she contrives to look smart from morning till midnight—and to look as if she has many changes of costume.

The basis of her outfit is a brief-length skirt. Although it is little longer than we are now wearing by day, it serves her very well for a dance or a dinner date. The skirt is usually silk or cotton; these materials are much cheaper than anything else. Usually it is red or green or gaily striped. On top of this she wears a form-fitting jersey, again of silk or imitation wool and usually in a dark contrasting colour. Black is the favourite. It is with the jersey that she shows her ingenuity.

A favourite trick is to have detachable sleeves so that she can appear bare armed by evening. Others fasten high in the neck with a drawstring. In the evening she lets out the drawstring and pulls the neck right over her shoulders. She keeps the sleeves in and looks smart with bare shoulders and arms covered with long tight sleeves.

Sometimes she varies the jersey with a brightly patterned silk scarf knotted around her neck—or worn. Other girls have detachable sequin covered collars to pin on for the evening.

In hot weather she often wears a blouse instead of the tight fitting jersey, but the same skirt does duty.

Silk Scarves

MANY of these ideas you can copy at home for yourself. If you are planning a holiday in Italy this year, I strongly advise you to buy some of the silk scarves which will cost you about £1, although in England they are at least three guineas. Nylon scarves about 18s. a pair, but they wear well and have a silky sheen I have not seen on other nylons.

Pure silk stockings can be bought for 4s. 6d. per pair. Beautiful leather goods are offered at very low prices (hand-bags from 20s.). But before you start your shopping spree, bear in mind the customs man.

(London Express Service)



Fitting strapless bodice in navy tulle is trimmed with a white feather frill in this evening gown.

WRINKLE PROOFED

By HELEN FOLLETT

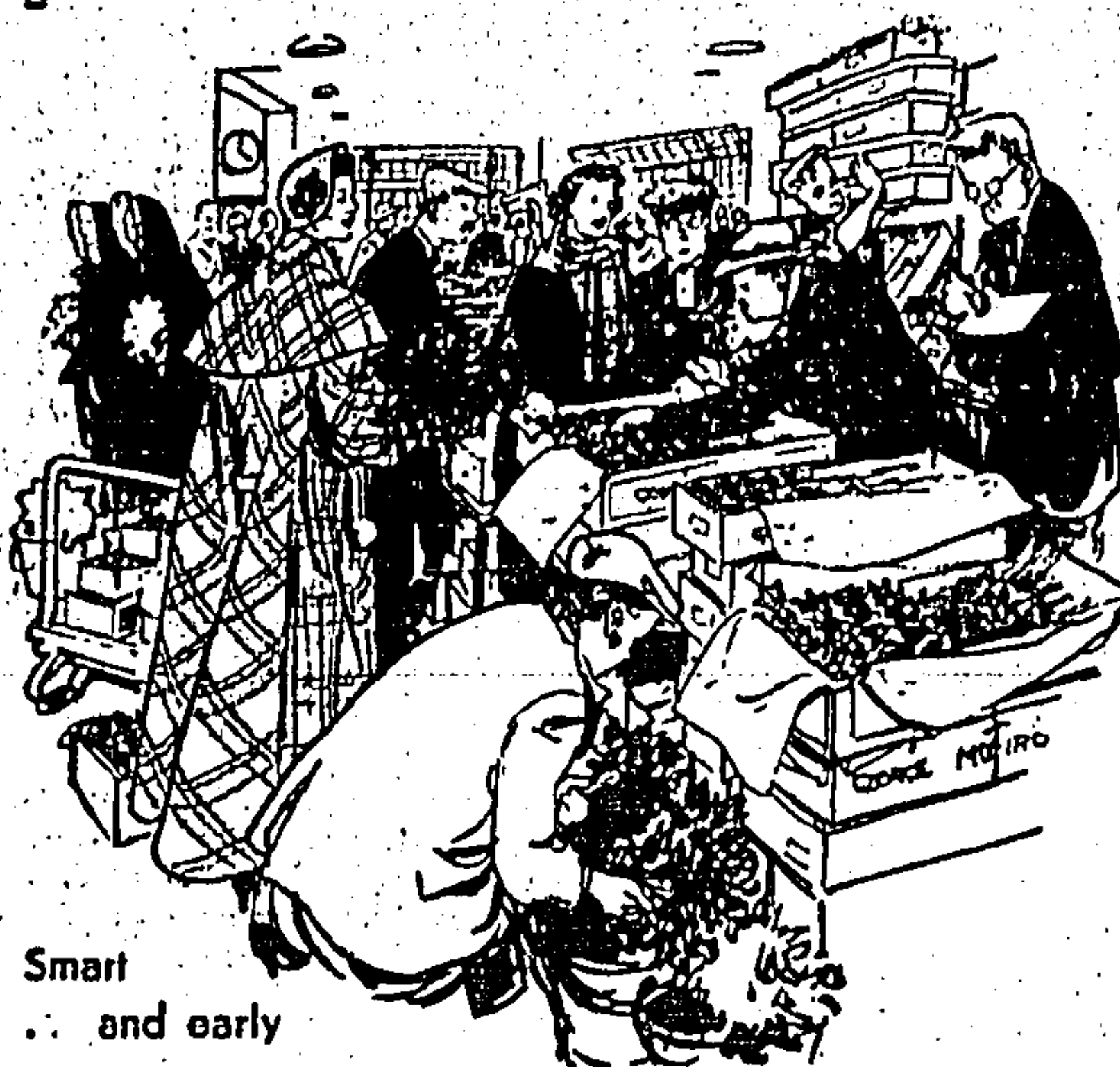
YOUNG women may have their beauty graces, but they never worry about wrinkles, and that is where they make a mistake. To be sure, their faces are as smooth as velvet, but what guarantee have they that they will stay that way? Little eye lines can appear in the twenties. The flesh is delicate there and crinkles easily, especially if vision is impaired. It is never too early to make an effort to keep the facial areas in tip-top condition. Sometimes they take care of themselves pretty well, but not always, especially if the skin is thin and rather transparent.

No matter how late it is, now far beyond your bedtime, don't retire without giving your complexion the care to which it is entitled. Remove make-up with a cleansing oil or thin cream. Wash your face with fairly warm water and a bland soap. If there are the slightest signs of dust filled pores, use a complexion brush, which will not only give a more perfect cleansing but will stimulate the blood streams, put pink carnation blooms in the cheeks. Rinse, dry, and apply a heavy emollient. In the morning, pat on skin freshener with a handy cotton square to remove every trace of cream.

Sweep lightly over the cheeks and along the jaw line, starting at the tip of the chin, working upward and outward. Place the first finger on the inner corner of the upper eyelids, pass it along gently to the temples, do some circles there, come back under the eyes to starting point. Rotary motions on the forehead will keep it smooth and the texture of the skin fine. Then, slap, and pat. Do five finger exercises from the collar bone up to the top of your forehead. Cream your ear lobes and the flesh just in front of them where early wrinkles sometimes appear.

Robb's London

visiting Covent Garden at 5 o'clock in the morning—and Sarah Churchill's flat



Smart and early



ABOVE—FIVE O'CLOCK in Covent Garden, where just now you find the reddest roses in the world.

In Park-lane

Most midsummer mornings two hundred dozen blooms change hands before the office day begins.

You see here an enterprising hostess, hatless and college-scarfed scanning the regimented buds.

The girl in the check tweeds, caped and belted, buys for resale in her West End shop. She waits for more while the flower-hand

(Right) SARAH CHURCHILL tries on the dress she wears for her big scene in "Philadelphia Story," opening in New York. Made in dove grey crepe, close bodiced, full skirted, with shoes to match, the frock has a double collar, the top layer in fine organza. She poses here for Robb in her Park-lane flat—that frame on her left holds one of her father's paintings.

(London Express Service)

Summer Togs Are Sensible And Feminine

By JOAN ERSKINE

LONDON is swarming with American midshipmen on a visit as part of their training cruise. Straight from a naval academy or University, where the campus queens set a high fashion standard, they are keen critics of the way the English dress. Several of them told me they thought the English girls were extremely well-dressed—but they noticed very few of us wore hats—and this, they thought, was a pity! Perhaps we should take a lesson from the "other side" and finish our summer outfits with a neat, well-fitting hat—in linen or pique to match our dresses.

It is always difficult, when working in a large town, not to look as if one is about to spend a day at the seaside. The best way to get over this, and still remain cool, is to have a couple of plain dresses made in cool grey, black, navy, or biscuit-coloured cotton, linen, pique, or rayon (which ever you prefer). Large patterned prints worn with white shoes can sometimes look rather too much, as if you are on holiday, when you are striving for cool sophistication.

The most popular colour for accessories is white. Gloves, shoes, and handbags are nearly all chalk white, or very dark. There are very few middling pastel shades to be seen.

A few years ago it was strictly taboo to wear black in the sun. Now it is the acme of fashion—and looks very good. Once our makeup had to be as matt as that of a copy-writer's dream girl. Now we are invited to "Have that shiny look." We used to be told that black next to our skins made them look sallow. Now we are told it accentuates the sunburn and surprisingly enough, all these contradictory remarks are true. It is merely a question of how rapidly you can adapt your mind to new ideas. While pinks and blues are at the top of the fashion scale, black is lashed to look too white. But when grey and donkey brown ascend the ladder, nothing could look better than black.

There was a time when grandmother's pretty little Victorian parasol hung in the corner with the souvenirs from Scarborough, and the bric-a-brac. Now it has been carefully dusted, given a lacy trimmings, and is taken out for an airing on high days and holidays. This sudden interest in the feminine perquisites of a few generations ago, seems to date from the introduction of the "Waspie". Tight-lacing was one of the things no modern miss would indulge in. Our tiny-waisted, fragile-looking ancestors were more pitted than derided. But when (in the cause of design and Dior) we took to the guespere—and found it removed inches from our waistlines with no discomfort—the floodgates were opened.

We took to canoes and chain bracelets, Georgian seals and Regency miniatures. We wore bronze pumps and curly fringes, fuchs and fascinators. We decided that stoles had a charm all their own, and that long knotted strings of beads were appealing. The battle was over. The fashion magnates breathed sighs of relief. They were designing for feminine females once again. Having converted most of us to their way of thinking, they were obliging enough to begin a few modifications, and the results, I think, could hardly be improved.

Cotton and linen dresses of amazingly good value are in all the shops once again. They are ample-skirted, well designed, and easily convertible into sundresses, casual evening dresses, or street dresses.

Best selling style for teenagers is the very full-skirted type with round gathered neckline which can be worn either on or off the shoulders. Favourite for older girls is the dress which gains its fullness from flat box-pleats, or hidden inverted pleats, giving a slim line.

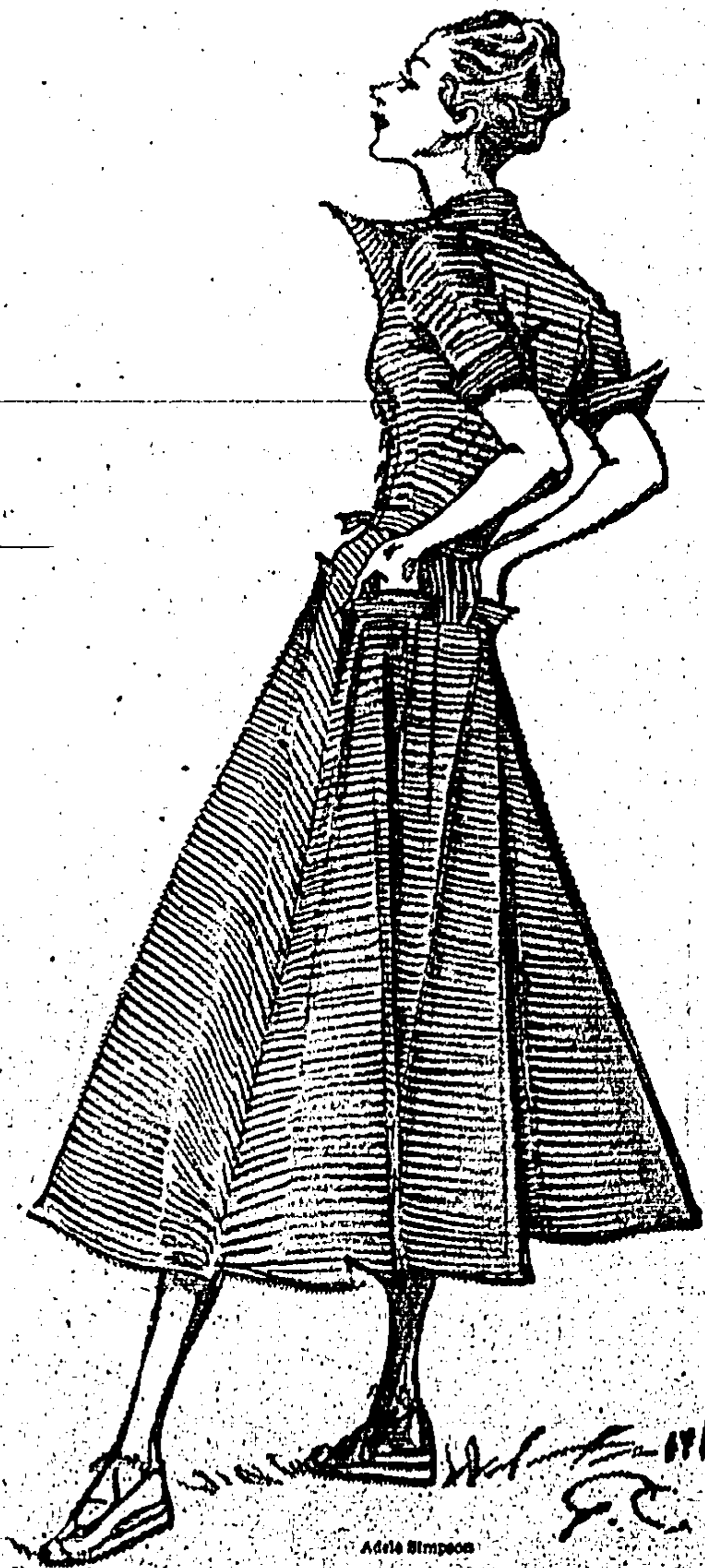
Again, the fitting bolero has no rival for transforming a neat town dress into a suitable beach one. Unless the weather becomes unbearably hot, women in this country will still go for jersey blouses and sweaters which can be worn with a suit, slacks or shorts for day, or with long full skirts for evening. (Silk jersey gets over the heat problem.) For holiday-makers, the main virtue of jersey is its uncrushable quality.

Dual-purpose clothes are becoming the rule rather than the exception. You start the day in a brown sweater worn under a violet jersey full-skirted dress with a draped halter neck. Later in the day, discard the sweater, and tuck a cluster of flowers at the waistline.

Two and three pieces we are acquainted with, but Martin HILL has designed a five-piece play ensemble in royal blue. It consists of tailored shorts, finger-tip length coat, bra with sun-protecting shoulder revers, swimming trunks and pirate cap. The trunks and bra are spotted with white, and the cap and jacket are finished with white silk tassels.

Half-length jeans come in all colours of the rainbow—even spotted and striped. For the girl with a slim figure they are perfection on a beach, on a yacht, or on a cycle.

Four-Pocketed Novelty



By PRUNELLA WOOD

POCKETS set on either side of the back at the bustle line, are novel and attractive details of this cotton casual. Two more pockets are in front of the skirt, set flat, and also good-looking.

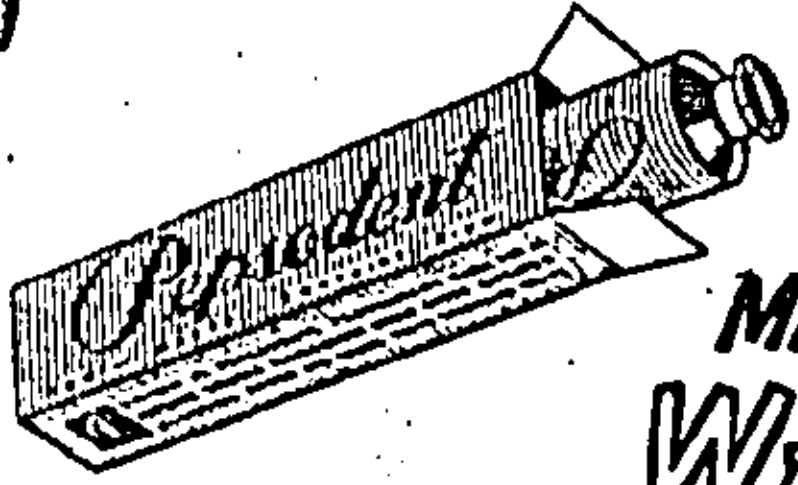
The blouse is a shirtmaker type, with its own novel treatment, the very wide open neckline between classic revers. Fabric is striped tan on beige, and the bone buttons too are of tan colour.

FACING THE FUTURE



OLD-FASHIONED? NO! At all. The designer claims that these will be the headline styles of the future. Demure court-and-pie-trill fashion for the 2040s (or the 1940s). The one in which hard long-sleeved feature is entitled 1940. Both were shown at Harrod's London Arts Exhibition in Court Street.

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GROUP picture taken at the dinner given by the Chinese Chamber of Commerce at the Kam Ling Restaurant last week. In the front row (from left) are the Hon. B. C. K. Hawkins, Mr Ng Chok-wah, Mr Ko Cheuk-hung, chairman of the Chamber, the Hon. J. F. Nicoll, Sir Shouson Chow, Mr Ma Taul-chiu and Mr Tang Shiu-kin. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



MR Leonardo Marcarlo Lopes and Miss Evelyn Margaret Souza, who were married at the Rosary Church last week, photographed with friends after the wedding. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



MR Kwan Kam-poi and his bride, formerly Miss Wong Hing-yee, pose with their attendants on the occasion of their wedding at the Kam Ling Restaurant last week. (Sun Ying-Ming)



MR Kwok Yat-sun and Miss Mabel Mei Edo, whose wedding took place at St John's Cathedral on Tuesday. (Roy Tsang)



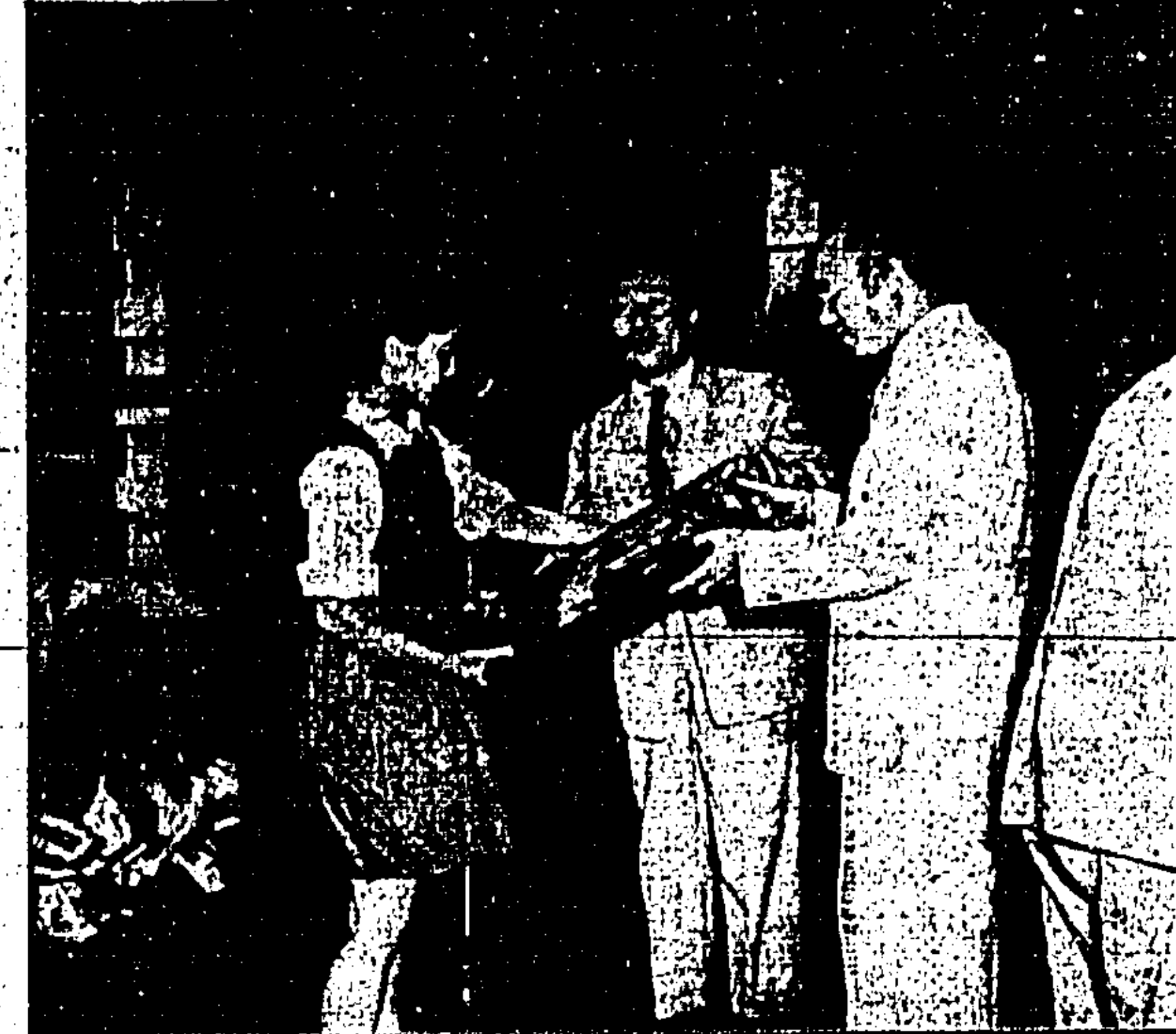
GROUP photo taken at the opening of the Rural Office in Shatin. In centre of front row is Mr J. Barrow, District Commissioner, New Territories. (Golden Studio)



SCENE at the concert given on the occasion of the Feast of St Paul by kindergarten students of the French Convent. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



A VIEW of the gathering in the school hall of St Stephen's College, Stanley, on Wednesday, when the annual prizegiving took place. Left: Lady Grantham presents a prize. Lower left: HE the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, unveils one of three memorial tablets at the College. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



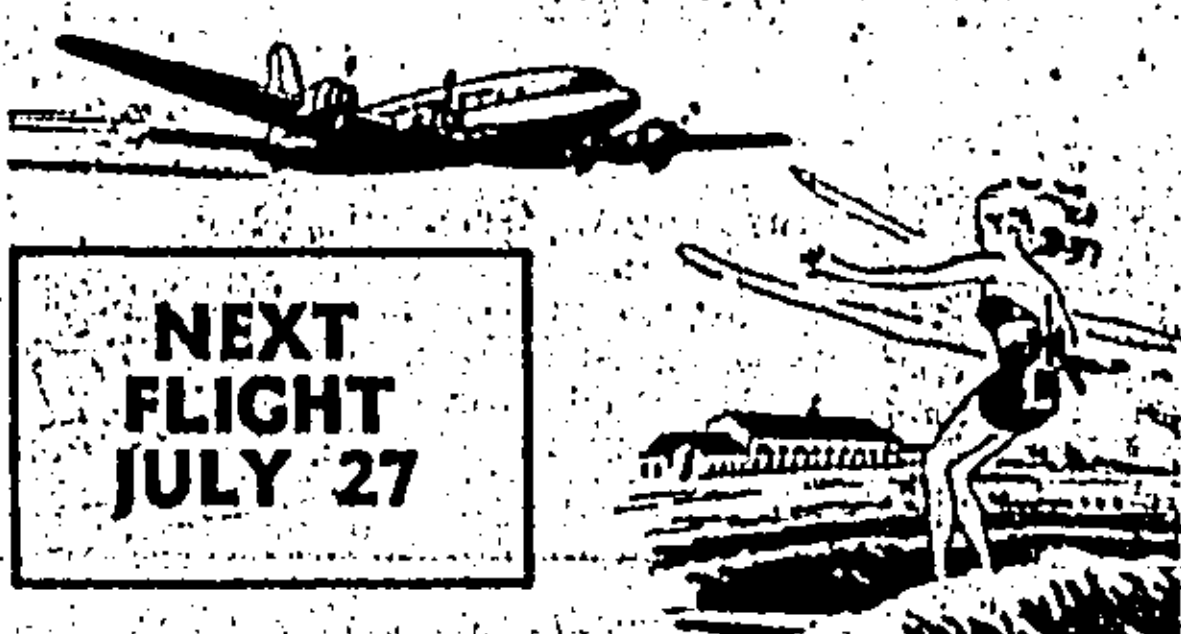
SCENES at the annual prize distribution of the Pui Ying Middle and Primary School, which took place on Tuesday. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)

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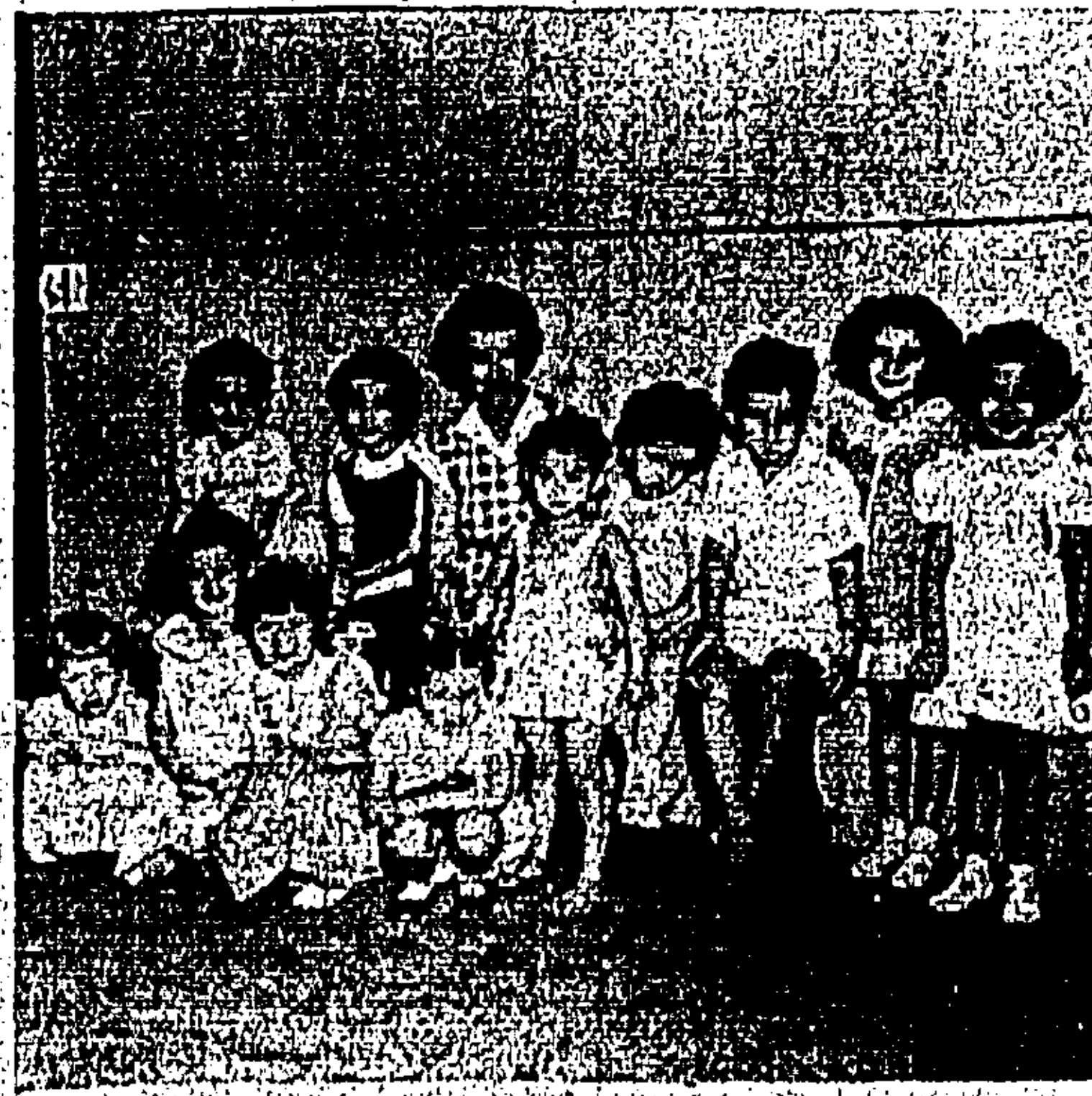
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MISS E. K. Walters, who is shortly leaving on retirement after teaching for many years at the Diocesan Girls' School, pictured with some of her kindergarten pupils. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)

A Family Affair



SPY-SABOTEURS

... the women, too, made their sacrifice

Betrayed, chained, beaten, she did not flinch

Nora, the philosopher's daughter, and Violette, the gay parachutist

by JERRARD TICKELL

EARLY in 1942 the French section of Special Operations Executive took the momentous decision to engage women.

The question was considered from every angle, and it was agreed that they would have certain practical advantages over men agents. All men were automatically suspect when travelling where women could move about France rather more freely.

This rendered them especially suitable for the job of courier or radio operator. The feminine "cover-story" was easier to devise. From women could be expected a great degree of subtlety.

As against these advantages, there was a natural and most deep-rooted reluctance deliberately to send a woman into physical peril. It was decided, therefore, that her function should be essentially a peaceful one.

Later events proved that feminine fingers could handle a Sten gun as swiftly and as lethally as any man.

When need arose, women did, in fact, take over from men and conduct violent operations.

The decision taken, over three years some 40 women agents volunteered, were enlisted into the F.A.N.Y. Corps, were secretly trained, and infiltrated to France. They were all bilingual.

Some were parachuted in by night, some came by aeroplane, some by sailing boat.

THIRTEEN did not return

Of the number who left, 13 did not return. They met their death, far from home, with a serenity and with a fortitude that even abashed their executioners.

The names of the 13, listed among those of all F.A.N.Y.s who died during the war, are engraved for ever on a tablet outside St Paul's Church, Wiltonplace, London, the last church in which many of them knelt before taking to the skies or the seas.

If the silent stone could speak, here are the stories it would tell of the two women who were awarded,

posthumously, the George Cross.

Mrs Violette Szabo, C.C. (nee Bushell), was a young Englishwoman in her early twenties, the widow of a French officer.

She was the mother of a three-year-old daughter, Tanla, when she joined the Secret Service.

She went to France to the Rouen area as courier with a French officer, whose mission was one of extreme delicacy and danger.

LEADERS had been arrested

The object of this mission was to contact members of the circuit who were in hiding after the Gestapo had swooped and arrested their leaders.

For three months they worked together with brilliance, reconstituting the shattered group under the very noses of the Gestapo.

When they had completed their work, she and her principal were picked up by aeroplane from a French field and brought home.

After a brief rest, Violette volunteered for a second mission which was to take her into central France, into an area through which the German divisions stationed in the South of France were expected to pass as soon as the Allied armies landed on the Normandy beaches.

Under the code name of "Louise," parachutist, she took to the skies on June 6, 1944. Her conducting officer tells of her second departure:

"In a group of heavily armed and equipped men waiting to take off from the same airfield, Violette was slim, debonair, and beautiful.

"She wore a flowered frock, white sandals, and earrings bought in Paris during her first mission.

"She zipped up her flying suit, adjusted her parachute, shook her hair loose, and climbed, laughing, into the aircraft. She was a living symbol of gaiety and gallantry, and those who watched her go were deeply moved."



Nora Inayat-Khan, C.C.

Ten days later Violette ran into a German ambush on the road which was being cleared for the troops moving up from the South.

She and her companions fought it out, and she was captured only when the last round in her Sten gun had been fired.

As a valuable prisoner, yet still gay and defiant, she was taken to Fresnes Prison outside a turbulent Paris, on the eve of liberation.

At this moment the Germans decided to move all their most important prisoners out of reach of the advancing Allies to the comparative immunity of the Reich.

On the train, she was bundled into a compartment in which she met two other captured British agents, Lillian Rolfe (W.A.A.F.) and Denise Bloch (F.A.N.Y.).

ORDEAL in a cattle truck

In a cattle truck attached to the same train were a group of British officers on their way to Buchenwald, overcrowded and gasping in the heat and dust of the scorching July sun.

The train was bombed en route and in the confusion, Violette found means of creeping along the corridor with a bottle of cold water, which she passed into the cattle truck to friends even more parched than she.

From Saarbrücken, clearing house of the damned, she was



Mrs. Violette Szabo, C.C.

sent to Ravensbrück and thence, with her two newly found companions, Lillian and Denise, she was sent to a camp at Torgau.

A triple escape was planned—and failed. Back to Ravensbrück... and thence, in the bitter winter of 1944, to the dreaded camp of Königsberg on the Oder in East Prussia. During these desperate cold months they were put to work on the construction of an airfield.

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From Saarbrücken, clearing house of the damned, she was

MARCHED out and shot

Only the greatest determination to survive kept them going. But in January 1945 the three invincible women were recalled to Ravensbrück.

After two days in close confinement they were marched out to the precincts of the crematorium and shot.

The captured adjutant at Ravensbrück, who witnessed the shooting, described their bearing with unfeigned admiration.

In the autumn of 1942 a slender, quiet young W.A.A.F. with dark eyes came to the Baker Street headquarters of "Special Operations." Her name was Nora Inayat-Khan. She was the

daughter of a philosopher from what is now Pakistan.

She was the first woman radio operator ever to be sent to work in France. It was strange work for a contemplative girl.

Her code name was "Madeleine," and her papers declared that she was a children's governess named Jeanne Marie Regnier.

She joined the dangerous and far-flung Paris circuit, soon to be broken by the ubiquitous Gestapo. Madeleine got away—and continued to transmit from her hide-out.

Knowing that she was in mortal danger, London offered to send an aeroplane to bring her home. She refused. She was the last link between London and her hunted comrades, and it was not in her character to desert her friends.

CAPTURED but broke out

The Gestapo, aware that hers was the only remaining set transmitting in the area, put every available man on the chase, and the capture of the mysterious "Madeleine" became a matter of the highest priority to Berlin.

She was betrayed and caught in October 1943.

Lodged in a room on the fifth floor of 84, Avenue Foch, Paris (Gestapo headquarters), she may have heard the champagne corks pop at her capture was celebrated below.

In one respect they need not have been so light-hearted, for "Madeleine," though a consistently silent prisoner, was yet to cause them some trouble.

As she was led down stairs for interrogation, she broke for freedom and was recaptured in the street.

Within three weeks she tried a second escape by slipping through the bars of her fanlight, and at night she climbed through it and on to the roof.

She had already reached the roof of the second house when a guard, alerted by an all-raid alarm, recaptured her.

The infuriated Gestapo demanded that she should sign an understanding not to escape again.

She refused, and the notorious Colonel Kieffer, head of the Paris Gestapo, wired Berlin that he could no longer accept responsibility for the custody of this elusive prisoner.

With the honour of a special escort, she left in November 1943 for the Reich—the first British agent to be captured in France to cross those black frontiers.

By orders of the Gestapo she was put into chains and sent to the prison of Flossenbürg, and she remained in chains and in solitary confinement, but her spirit was unbroken.

Madame Yolande La Grave, of Bordeaux, who shared a cell with two other French women in the same prison, tells of how they wrote a message on a tin feeding bowl and eventually received the reply, "Friend in Cell No. 1."

The exchange of little messages continued, and "Madeleine" made it known that she was a member of the W.A.A.F. and a radio operator.

In July she scratched on her feeding bowl, "Vive la 4 Juillet" and "Vive le 14 Juillet," and two little flags, the Union Jack and the Tricolour.

LAST note: 'I am leaving'

Twice she was caught by the guards trying to look out through the little spyhole in the door. She was beaten up and removed to an underground cell.

Only on one or two occasions was she allowed into the courtyard for a breath of air, and each time she looked up to the cell containing her "pen" friends and smiled.

Then came her last scribbled message: "I am leaving." Her friends received it on September 17, 1944. But "Madeleine" had left on the 12th, taken to the notorious men's camp at Dachau, to be shot, kneeling against a mound of earth in the shadow of the camp's crematorium.

[World Copyright]

NEXT WEEK

The moving story of Odette—only living woman who wears the George Cross

London Express Service

By CUMMINGS



Most famous name in dogs admits: I NEVER OWNED A DOG

THE woman with the most famous name in the world of dogs admits in a book just published: "I have never owned a dog."

When Mrs Charles Cruft married her late husband 51 years ago they decided it would be unwise to own one.

They were building the name Cruft in the dog show business, and Mrs Cruft said: "We did not want breeders to think that we favoured one particular breed."

"I was constantly having to decline offers from breeders of many really magnificent animals."

"Rather than offend anyone, my husband and I both made it



an iron rule never to accept or even to own a dog."

But they were determined to own a pet. So the Crufts bought a CAT... and a canary.

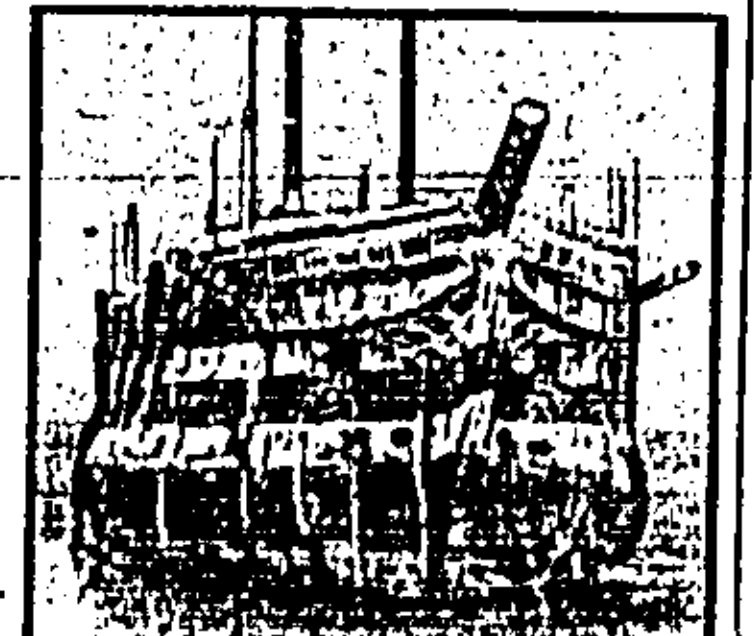
With memories of shows that have brought together more than 10,000 dogs, Mrs Cruft still thinks fondly of her own two pets.

Sitting in her North London flat, she said: "The bird went first. Then last year we had to do away with our old black and white cat, Sol. I have no pet at all now in my home."

Was the cat a pedigree cat? "No," says Mrs Cruft. "Just an ordinary, dear old thing."

* Mrs Charles Cruft's Dog Book (Brown-Clements), 2s.

Implacable to be sunk



THE "wooden wall" Implacable, which was a French man-o-war engaged Nelson's Victory at Trafalgar, is to be towed from her present position at Portsmouth and sunk in deep water.

This was announced by Mr John Dugdale, Financial Secretary to the Admiralty. He said it had been found impossible to preserve the ship without prohibitive expense.

Certain parts will be preserved if examination shows it to be practicable, he added.

A NEW MAID

A NEW MAID of Orleans sailed on her first crossing from Folkestone to Boulogne recently—five years after her predecessor was sunk by a mine off the Normandy beaches.

The new ship of 8,777 tons, has a speed of 22 knots and can carry 1,400 passengers, 20 motor cars, and a crew of 70.

—(London Express Service)

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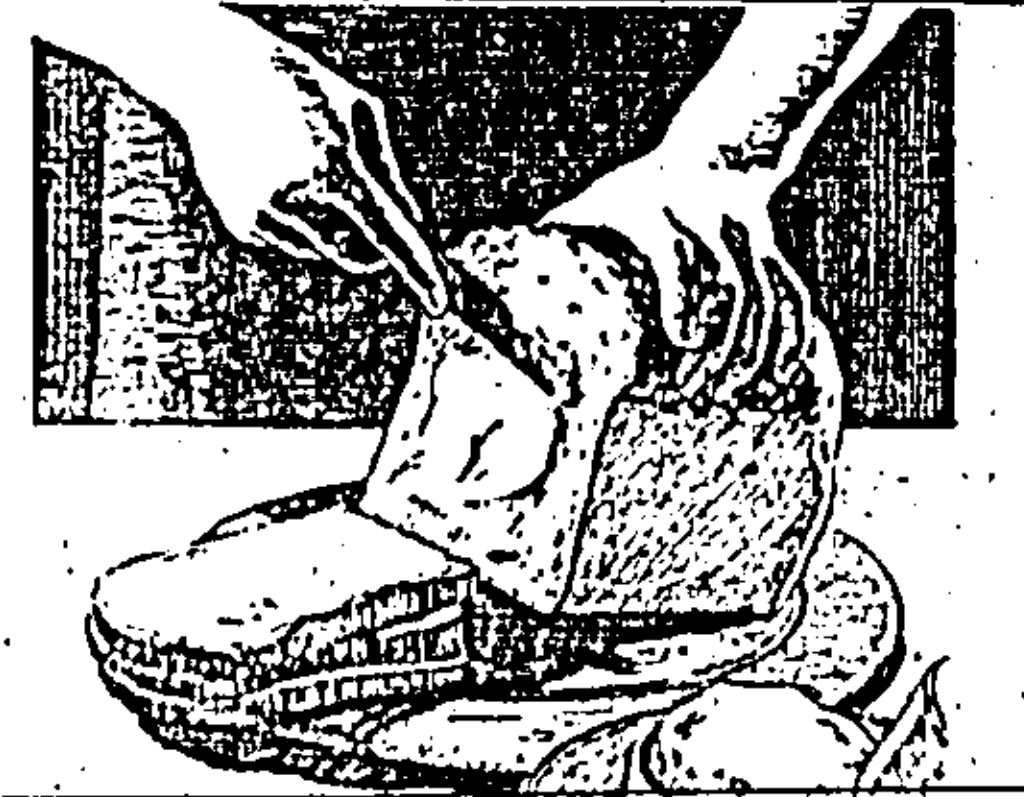
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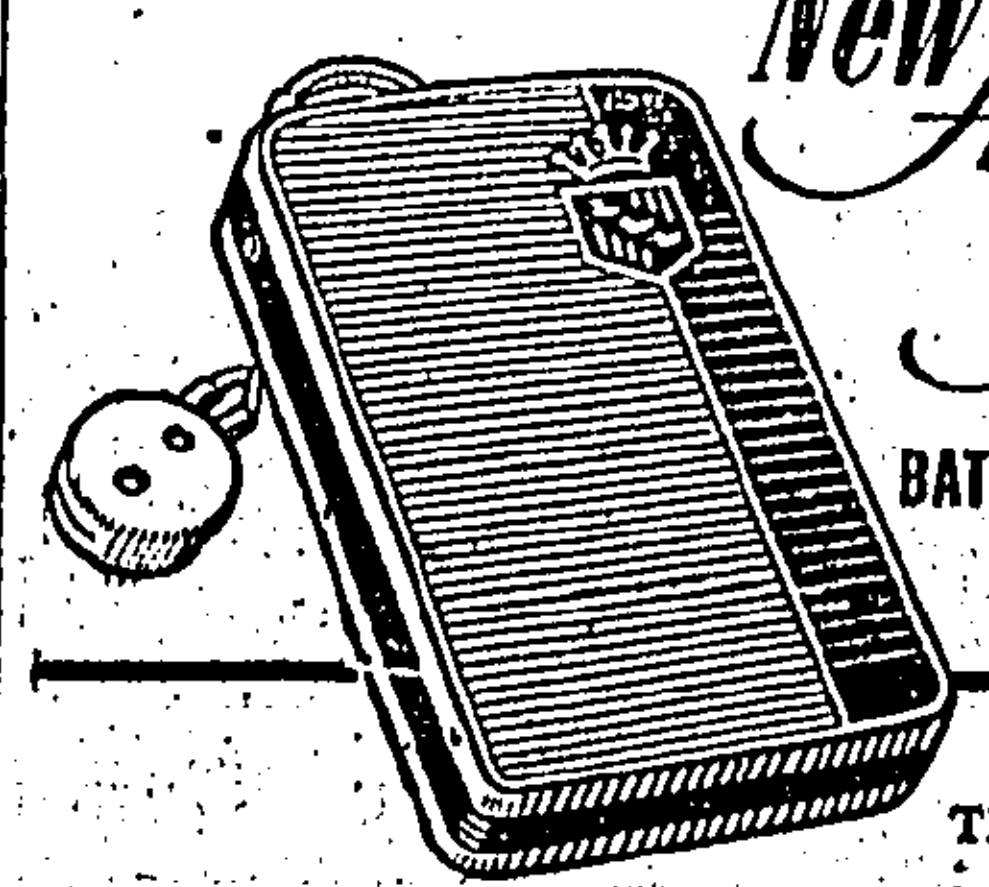
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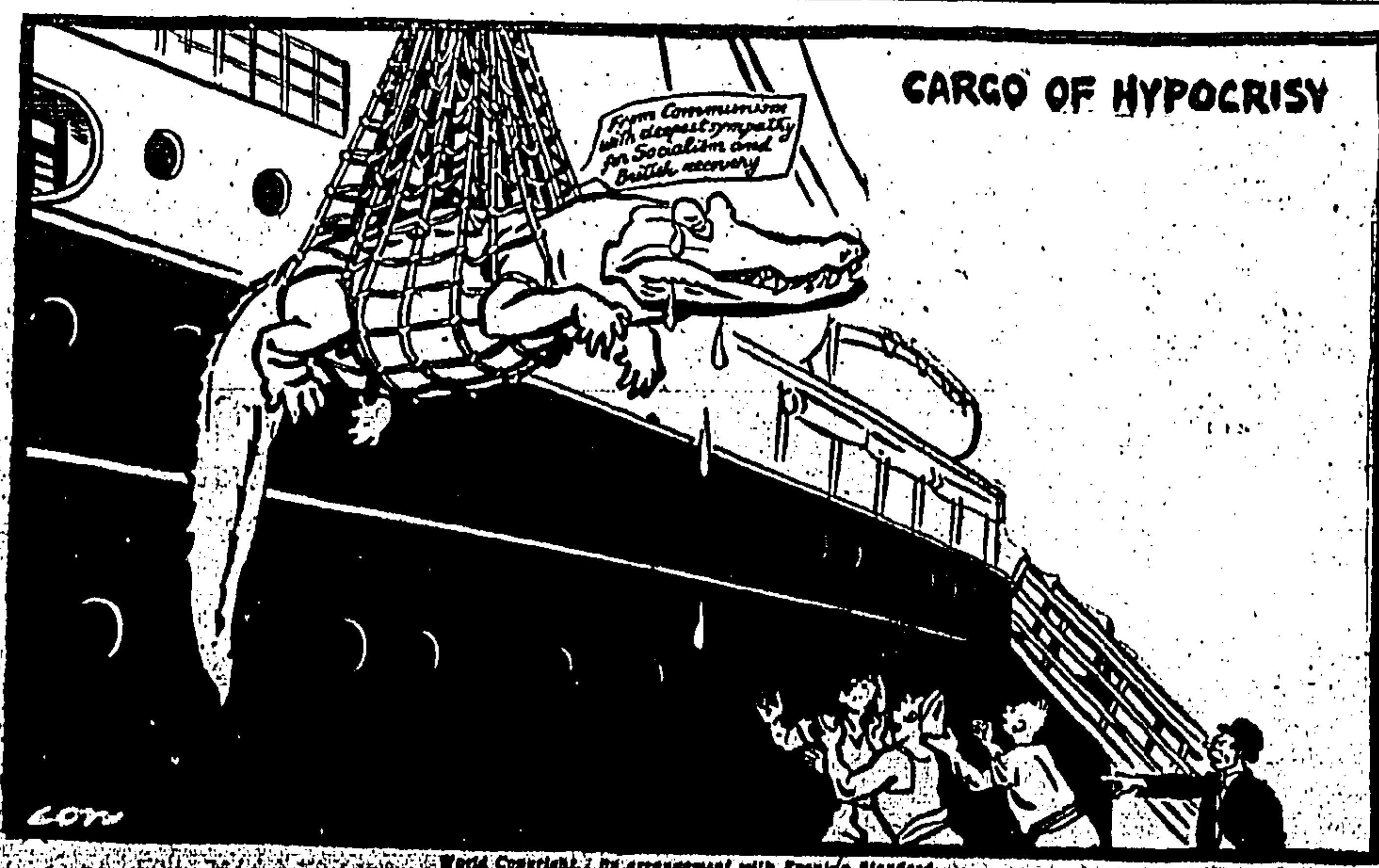
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NEITHER BANNISTER NOR STACEY

THEY WON'T BE AT THE WHITE CITY TODAY

A blow to athletics. This year, when the standard at Oxford and Cambridge has never been so high, the pick of the university men will miss the AAA championships at the White City today.

Performances against Princeton and Cornell and Harvard and Yale during the recent visit to the United States stamped sprinter Nick Stacey and miler Roger Bannister of Oxford, and half-miler Angus Scott, of Cambridge, as potential champions, but none of them will be running in the Championships.

The truth (writes Harold Palmer) is they have had enough racing this year. They had to be fit for the relays in November and the University sports at the White City on March 12. They have earned the rest they and others are taking.

This would not happen if the sports were held later in the year. One of these days the change will have to be made.

Main obstacle at the moment seems to be the inability of the Cambridge men to use their track at Fenner regularly once the cricket season has started. Oxford, sharing their ground with the soccer club, have no interference in the summer months.

Now I hear there is a chance of this difficulty being removed, Cambridge county may build a track and arrange for the University to have full use of it.

When that happens the sports must be held during the season, not two months before any other athletes go into action.

Bannister and Stacey are having a holiday in the States and will be back only a day or two before the Championships—out of training, but prepared to run again before the season ends.

QUICK RESCUES

K. Vernon, who now in the middle seventies is still one of the most fit and enthusiastic of cycling coaches on the Henley towpath, has been keeping quiet about one of his recent exploits, now revealed.

A week or two ago he was coaching one of his many crews and had reached Richmond Lock when he noticed a red head bobbing in the water, saw a child there and tumbled in himself. Having reached the child, he held on to one of the piles of the lock and wondered what to do next.

Ted Phelps happened to come along in his launch and was able to take the child out. Almost before Vernon could change his clothes another child fell in and he had to go back and perform the same feat again, although this time one of his crew jumped in to assist.

Vernon, known as "The Bean," is one of the most sun-burnt and hardy characters on the river, a winner many times at Henley. He is an artist whose etchings are much prized.

NOT YET

Women, as promised, have been on the Centre Court at Wimbledon this morning as line judges—Mrs. Cavis Brown, Miss McLennan and Mrs. D. V. Connor among them. But women have not yet been raised to the dignity of the high umpires chair.

I asked an official if it would happen at these championships. He raised his eyebrows.

'OPEN' WIMBLEDON

Lawn tennis history of the personalities and doings of the giants and glitzy of the game—the Benchmarks, the Dohertys, Tilden, Lendell and the rest—is mingled with controversy in "Romance of Wimbledon."

The author, John Olin, having described the past of the Championships colourfully, is not, apparently, altogether happy about their future if the professionals are permanently barred. I agree with him.

Inevitably, he feels, an open championship will eventually be started—not at Wimbledon then somewhere else. Then Wimbledon would be displaced as the centre of the best tennis in the world.

The trouble, of course, is that this is an international matter. If we decided off-hand to throw the gates open to all comers then the Americans and others would not end their amateurs. The International Federation must be converted first; then we can go ahead. Otherwise there would be a great schism in the game.

The book, published by Hutchinsons at 12s. 6d., tells all about the great matches of the past, which can at this time be compared and con-

Sportsman's Diary

EDITED BY Bruce Hare

frasted with the great matches of the present.

ECONOMY

Practising for the Open Golf Championship at Royal St. George's, Sandwich, Frank Stranahan was seen playing stripped to the waist. Stranahan is a man with a fine torso whose hobby is weight lifting. In America he is known as the Muleman Man from Toledo. Said the muscular man from Toledo:

"St. George's, I know, is no Lido."

If you think it's not chaste To play stripped to the waist—Then tomorrow I'll wear my tuxedo."

Unblushing author: Eric Prain.

SUSSEX FIND

Ken Suttle is one of Patsy Hendren's brightest discoveries in the Hove cricket nursery. After several big scores for the second eleven, he played in his opening first-class game against Hampshire and scored 12 not out. This he followed with 43 not out and 27 against Yorkshire, and ended a big Hutton innings by accepting a hot catch.

This 21-year-old left-hander from Worthing is a superb field in any position—and particularly in the deep—and has an impetuous temperament. He has many strokes and plenty of time in which to make them.

He plays football for Cheltenham Reserves at inside left, so, like Patsy, he has a burst of speed between the wickets. His Army service is behind him—he was

PROMOTION PLUS

It's Now Called The "Monopoly Sports Club"

By CORNELIUS RYAN

Sports writers already are calling the new boxing promotional group in the USA the "Monopoly Sports Club," and some of the evil results of a monopoly already are discernible.

The new promotion organisation, in which the Jim Morris-Joe Louis International Boxing Club has a close working agreement with Madison Square Garden, thus giving the promoters exclusive use of the Garden, the Chicago Stadium, Detroit Olympia Stadium and several fieldhouses in smaller cities, has therefore what amounts to complete control of all boxing because the boxers have to go to the place which can pay the biggest money and big money can be made only in big stadiums.

The "Monopoly AC" will make only the matches it wants to make, with little regard for the worthlessness of the fighters. Already the IBC has announced that it wants to stage a world middleweight title fight at Detroit June 15 between champion Marcel Cerdan and Jake LaMotta. Of course, is contingent upon the Garden buying out the Tournament of Champions, Inc., which holds Cerdan's contract for a defence.

DOESN'T DESERVE IT

Such a match would be the rawest injustice. LaMotta doesn't deserve a title shot. A few years ago he was far and away the top challenger, but he has slipped badly since then, and moreover, he was involved in a peculiar fight with Billy Fox.

Every spectator of that bout, expert or inexpert, questioned its honesty. LaMotta is not acceptable to the New York Athletic Commission as a title challenger, and he should be unacceptable to

trained as a paratrooper—and he has every chance of reaching high class.

RACING RECRUIT

At the age of 60 Mr. Sean T. O'Kelly, President of the Eire Republic, has adopted the Sport of Kings. He is to lease horses from the Irish National Stud Company, and they will race in his name and colours.

This is a first without precedent in the head of State. The King has raced horses leased from the British National Stud, formerly in Ireland but now in England. Two of the best were Sun Chariot and Big Game, winners of classics.

Major C. H. Hall, manager of the Irish Stud, will be Mr. O'Kelly's racing manager. His colours will be St. Patrick blue, gold sleeves, blue cap with gold tassels.

I can find no previous example of sporting tastes in the Eire President, a tempestuous figure in political days that are past, unless it be attendance at the Eire v. England soccer International in 1940. The Gaelic Athletic Association did not like that—they regard soccer as a "foreign importation."

BURDENED FATHER THAMES

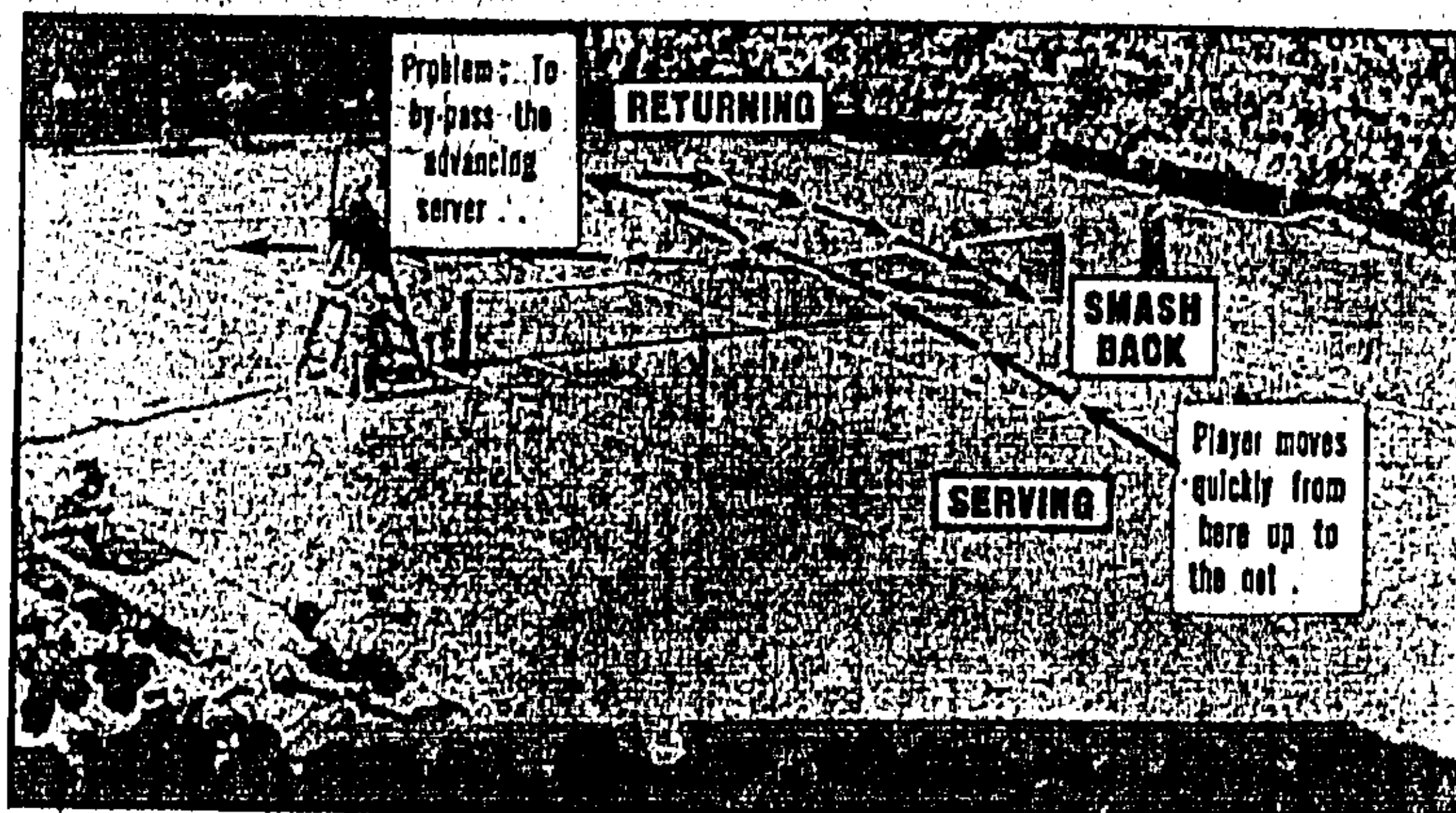
One sport that is booming this summer is rowing. Here is another example—from Marlow Regatta, June 10.

For this, 147 crews and scullers have entered, which is claimed to be a world record for a one-day regatta. The entry is made up of 71 eights, 39 fours, four pairs, four doubles and 20 scullers. It will mean a huge programme of 80 heats and finals.

Then the Cambridge "Bumps," 100 crews, in seven divisions of racing daily, entered for them.

(London Express Service)

A Wimbledon Reporter Summarizes A New Technique



American 'Attack-Strategy' Brings This New Challenge To An Old Game...

Those of us who have been at Wimbledon ten years or more have watched a change in technique come over the game, a switch in tactics which this year is more emphatic than ever.

If you had to sum up this new development in a single phrase it could well be: The-Serve-Smash-and-Finish-It school.

Its effect has been gradually to displace those dazzling base-line returns and the long ding-dong rally by an attack-strategy of great daring and savagery, which wins or loses the point in a few strokes.

The diagram here shows the technique in action.

It depends first upon the acquisition of a mercilessly efficient service—which time and again settles the point there and then.

But if the opponent gets the ball back at all he finds the server aggressively advanced to the net—and showing an astonishing aptitude to answer even very tough returns with a smash that is virtually unanswerable.

We have had fine examples of this year's games with players from the United States.

For, of course, the Americans are the ace exponents of The Serve-Smash-and-Finish-It brigade.

First, they are mostly very tall, and reach is of supreme importance, at the moment in Stage Two, when you have to cover the whole width of the net at only a few feet range.

Second, it calls for incessant practice, because so much must be packed into those few seconds—and again the Americans have ideal conditions for all-the-year-round practice.

WOMEN TOO

More notable even than the men in adopting this technique

I would say that the biggest single change which has coloured the game since Lenglen is this new-found power of attack in the women's matches. Miss Louise Brough is the perfect example.

Now it may well be that the American Attack is not all its

Badminton On Ice

By VERNON MORGAN

Badminton on ice, that sounds something quite impossible yet it has been played in Britain.

It was performed as a stunt by the two former United States badminton champions, Hugh Fortie and Sig Larsen, as one of the turns in the spectacular ice show "Ice Cycles 1949" which John Harris has brought to Europe for the first time.

Judging by their display these two could have played a serious game of badminton and one would have very much liked to have seen them do so, if only to show it the shuttle game could really be played on ice as a proper sport.

Sitting in the Empress Hall as the bird fluttered to and fro across the net there hovered the "ghosts" of Dave Freeman, Wong Peng Soon and Oot Teik Hock. Davinder Mohan and George Lewis, and a host of other great players.

"One" wondered what they would have thought of it. They could only have marvelled that these two Americans could perform at their game so well on skates. —Reuter.

Lessons From Wimbledon

And Henley

BY ARCHIE QUICK

What are the lessons to be learned from Wimbledon's record Lawn Tennis Championship meeting and Henley's record Royal Regatta, both of them tacitly recognised as world championships?

First and foremost, the Americans showed us that specialisation pays. Whether we learned the lesson or not is another matter. United States representatives enter sports events with the sole idea of winning and nothing is spared in time, money or energy to achieve that end.

Whether victory is everything is a topic which has long been debated. Old gentlemen will say that the game's the thing and victory of secondary importance. But I do feel it rather silly to enter something unless you make up your mind to win. Whether you have the ability or not is another thing.

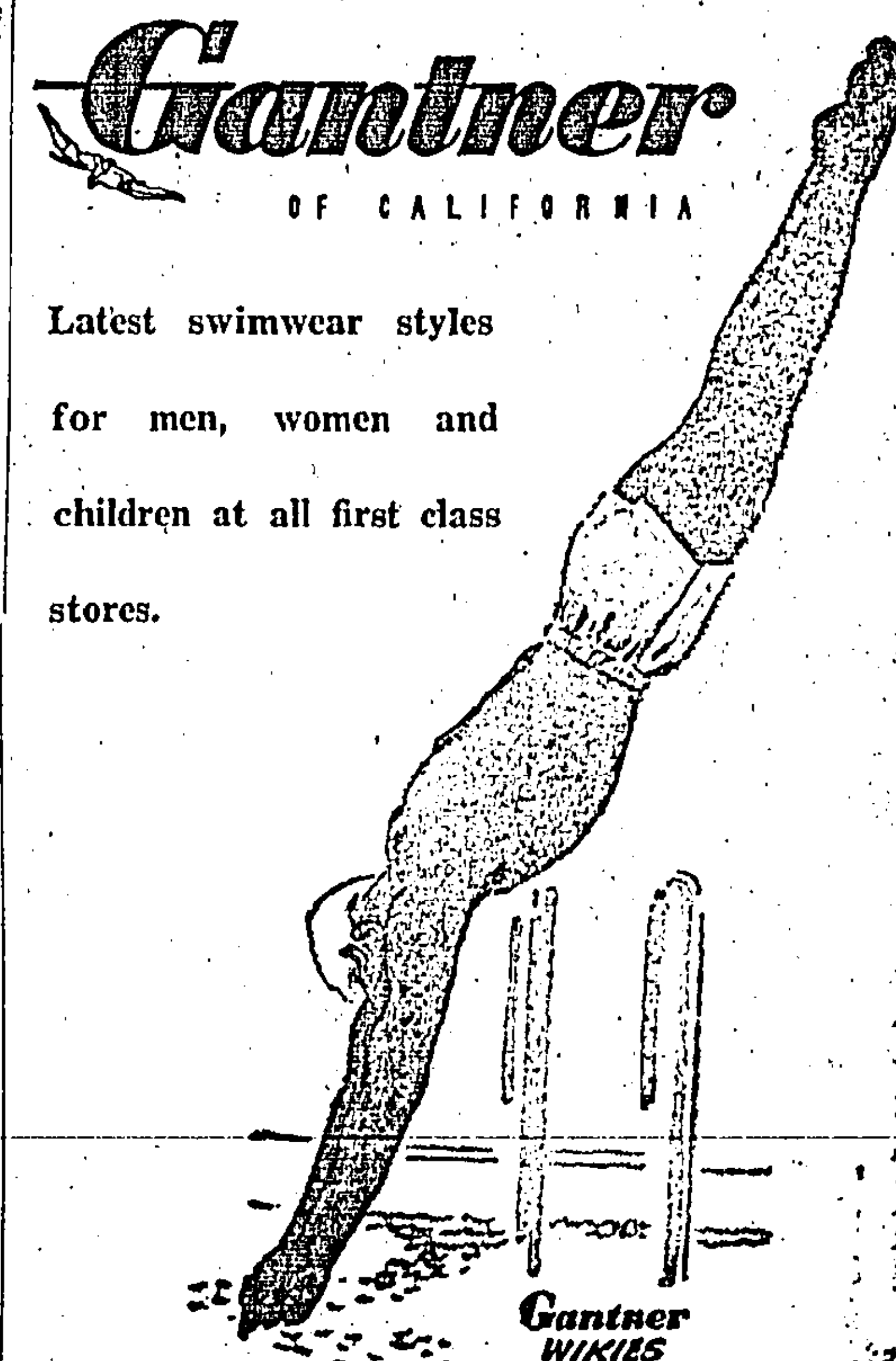
Americans, whether they are Californian lawn tennis players or Pennsylvanian scullers never let up for a moment in striving for their goal. Of course they enjoy the considerable advantage of perfect coaching which is denied our people.

When we had a Davis Cup tie to play, Fred Perry was brought in a week before-hand to impart belated knowledge to Mottram and Pash. Of course they were never able to absorb it. In contrast the Broughs, Parkers and Bidges of this world are picked out of the parks by an army of watchful coaches and brought along to perfection. The Lawn Tennis Association have no such scheme.

Again, Jack Kelly gained his skill by constant coaching at college. What happens to a promising onrider at Henley—elsewhere? He gets his tubbing and rowing practice from a coach who is generally a boy in a senior form who enjoys his fun cycling along the towpath when he can spare the time yelling instructions to the aspirant through a borrowed megaphone.

I heard a shocked member of the Stewards Enclosure at Henley—he was wearing a pink Lander cap almost green with age—say of Princeton University's eight: "What a disgraceful style. In fact no style at all." But Princeton won, beating the graceful St. Margarets B.C. That sums it up. While we argue whether the Fairbairn style is correct or not the Americans sacrifice style for effectiveness and do not worry much about bent backs so long as they get past the winning post first.

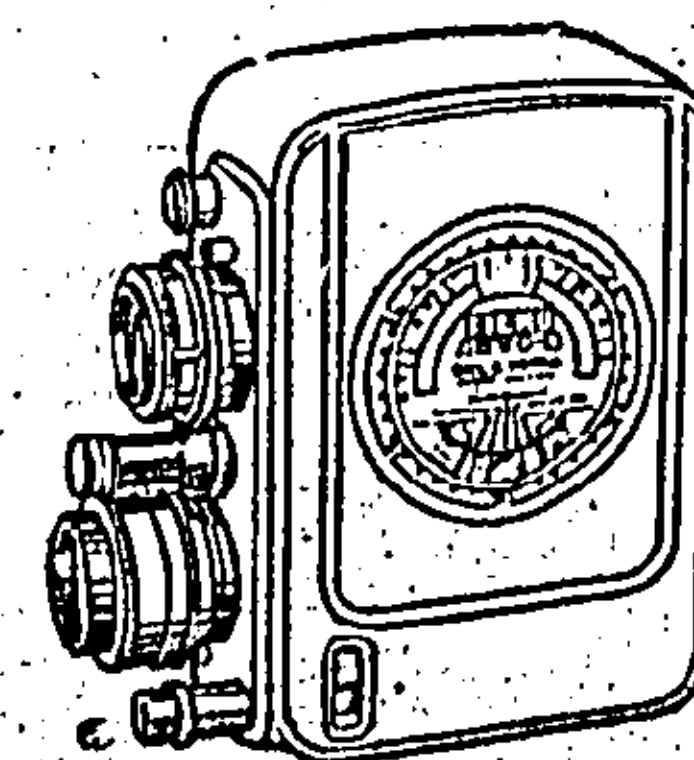
As for Wimbledon. The United States people serve as hard as they can and if it is not an ace they race to the net for the quickest possible kill. Not spectacular tennis but the stuff that brings in the points.



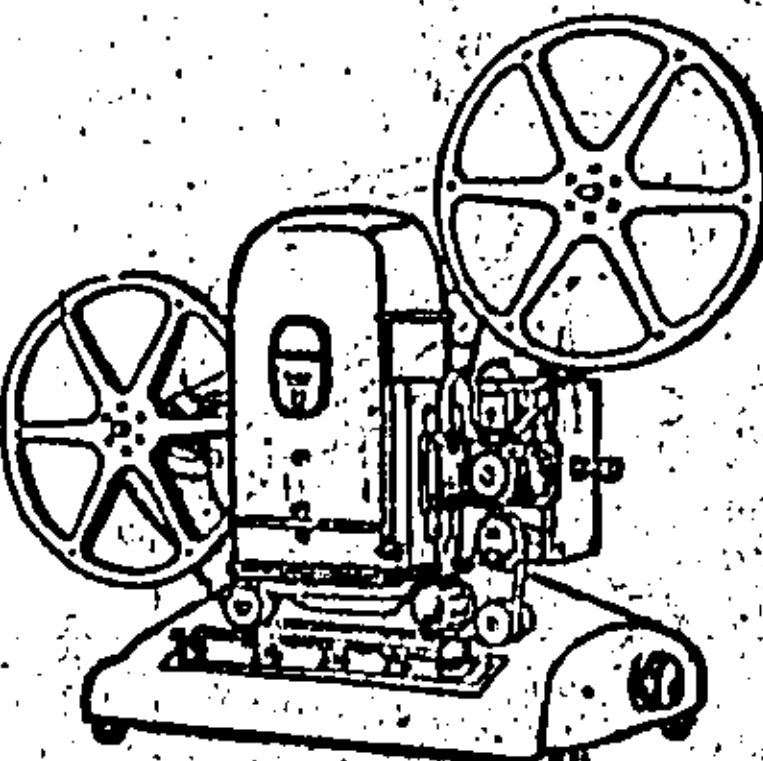
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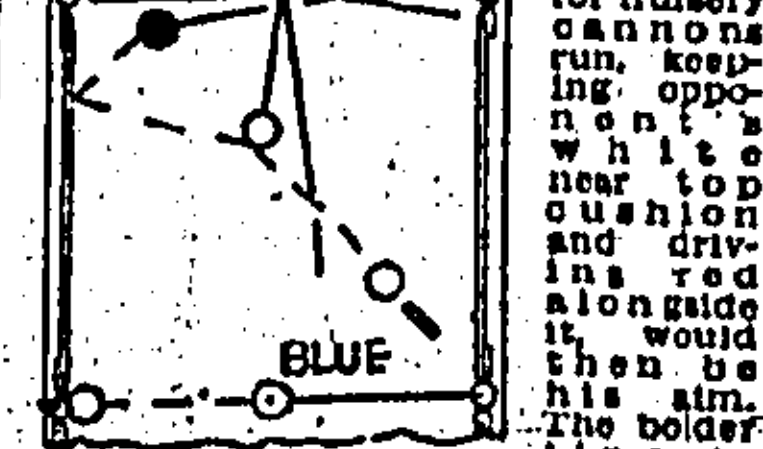
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Mister Conquest



Arthur Peall says:

TOP-OF-THE-TABLE billiards must be played above the pyramid spot. A professional would develop my diagram leave towards that end.



Position for nursery can't be run, keeping open a near top cushion. The cue ball would then be hit. The ball, generally best for amateur, is the quarter-ball with right-hand cue ball. The cue ball is red over corner pocket. Yellow in-off red and back to hand for the open game. A variation of this shot makes the cue ball, played slowly to berry complete, stand on an second ball. This is a double shot. With cue ball on centre pocket, bring it to red straight blue. Blue should go down first time, but it won't.

London Express Service

Prince Left The Sun To Hunt Whales

SUNNY Monaco, six miles of holiday land between France and the Mediterranean, carries a lot of money from its stamps. Now it has issued a set of 14 to commemorate Prince Albert, a sea-loving ruler who left the sun to hunt whales in the Arctic.



Albert, who ruled from 1889-1922, also organised deep-sea exploration and built an aquarium; he searched for the bones of prehistoric land monsters and built a museum; he filled a garden with exotic plants. And he married a Scots girl, Lady Mary Douglas Hamilton.

The stamp illustrated here shows the prince manning a harpoon gun as he closes to kill a whale. Face value: 13 francs (about 2½d.); Perforation: 1934 by 1934.

FROM HERE AND THERE:

Their Elevenses Are Mechanised

NEW YORK: To save thousands of man-power hours lost every year through employees going out for their elevenses, Boston's City Hall have installed automatic machines which dispense hot coffee, cream and sugar for threepence.

Automatic tan

TENNESSEE: A Tennessee firm has started production of an automatic machine for tanning. For 6d a sun-bath can step into an aluminium cabinet and get squirted with suntan oil. Price £20 a machine and 35s a gallon for the oil.

Before his time

COPENHAGEN: Heger Lind, a Danish radio technician, was revealed that radar was invented as early as 1905 by a German engineer, Christian Hülsmeyer. His invention was called the telefunken (patented and registered, No. 105546), but the German High Command rejected the invention as "being of no interest". Patent No. 105546 was later totally forgotten.

Where was Rita?

NEW YORK: Back from a holiday on the Continent, author Aly Kahn reported that every hotel receptionist gave him excellent service and expressed surprise that he was not accompanied by Miss Hayworth.

Adviser for suitors

CHICAGO: Recipe for winning a woman—any woman—given by 73-year-old Sigmund Engel, under arrest in Chicago for bilking countless women of up to half a million pounds in 50 years of romantic promises—be courtly, manly and offer her security and £9,000 and you've got her.

Nylon wardrobe

NEW YORK: American women are now independent of

slow laundries and slower cleaners. It is possible for them to buy an all-nylon wardrobe, including even pleated dresses, which can be washed in a basin and worn without ironing half an hour later. New dyes and weaves make nylon usable as a dress material. Cost of a typical summer dress—£4 10s 6d.

No fancy names

NEW YORK: Orders have gone out for furs to call rabbit RABBIT and not Arctic seal, chappie, muskline, or any of the 47 other glamorous names they have invented for it. Skunk may no longer be called Alaska sable.

Sky service

NEW YORK: The Rev. Curt Wetzel is to become a sky pilot. Once a professional flyer, he will conduct religious services—hymns, prayers, sermons, and all—from his two-seater plane, equipped with a powerful sound system. "I will come down to a thousand feet whenever I sight a crowd," explained Mr. Wetzel, "and then I will fly around and around during the service, while I conduct with the help of a recording machine from the cockpit. It works wonderfully, except when the weather is bad. Bad weather gums things up."

Not so funny

ROME: A Rome municipal dog catcher, annoyed by the comments of a bystander who was laughing at his vain attempts to catch a dog, attacked the bystander and bit off a piece of his scalp.

Air etiquette

NEW YORK: An etiquette booklet for air travellers proclaims that it is all right to tuck one's napkin under one's chin while eating in bumpy weather.

RUSSELL PASHA TELLS HOW HE FOUGHT THE VICE RINGS

EGYPTIAN SERVICE, 1902-1946. By Russell Pasha, John Murray. 18s. 294 pages.

Do not be discouraged by the pedestrian title. Here is an encyclopaedia of real-life adventures. Humour, toughness, courage, the instinct of the hunter, the marksman's eye—these were the qualities brought by this famous British officer of Egyptian police to his quest for excitement. They did not fail him.

He found adventures with Sudanese trackers in a country which preserves the footprints of the past so lovingly that the wheel tracks of Napoleon's army transport were still visible into the twentieth century.

Adventures with snake-charmers, those dedicated to short-lived men.

Adventures with the vice rings of Cairo. Above all, adventures with the drug barons and their minions. But, at that point in his life, Russell Pasha's adventures become a passionate crusade.

The conquest of Egypt by drugs is an ironic modern tragedy. Upon the Nile country there fell, during the last generation, the blessing and the curse of civil engineering.

A blessing because two crops could be grown where one was grown before. A curse because, when dams were built, the flow of the Nile was slowed up, thus enabling a certain water snail to make his way up-river.

The snail was the host of a parasitic infection called bilharzia, which attacks human beings.

In the space of 30 years, bilharzia has reduced the working power of Egyptian labourers by nearly 50 percent. It has also caused a decline in sexual power, all the more trying since only males are exposed to the infection.

Today, 85 percent of Egyptians suffer from bilharzia or a similar infection. Seeking a stimulant for flagging energies, millions of them turned first to hashish and then to heroin. The latter, introduced by a popular Cairo chemist in 1920, was as Russell Pasha puts it, the drug that nearly killed Egypt.

His war against this frightful evil became a world-wide campaign, a battle of wits fought from Istanbul to New York against cunning and wealth.

One French factory alone was exporting two and a half times the world's legitimate requirements of heroin. The drug was concealed in blocks of cement, in coffins, under the robes of bogs and monks. Camels were made to swallow metal cylinders of drugs. Radar was called in to put an end to that particular ingenuity.

Gradually the police got the upper hand. But the war goes on.

An exhilarating and entrancing book by one of the great Englishmen who became a legend in the Middle East.

This drug nearly killed a nation

by George Malcolm Thomson

SIR THOMAS WENTWORTH RUSSELL entered Egyptian Civil Service as Inspector in Ministry of Interior, 1902. Commandant of Cairo City Police, 1912. Senior Director of the Egyptian Central Narcotics Institute, 1920. Retired 1946.

THE WILLOW CABIN. By Pamela Frankau. Heinemann, 10s. 6d. 442 pages.

CAROLINE SEWARD is a young actress with a genius for her profession and a plentiful flow of bad language. The genius we take on trust. For the language, we have ample evidence.

Caroline meets Michael Knowl, a brilliant young surgeon with interesting hands and a wife named Mercedes. In spite of this, she falls wildly in love with him. Her language improves. And she is prepared to sacrifice the stage to her lover.

But Michael is still attached in some indefinable way to his wife. Caroline works a good deal about this, especially after Michael dies through taking too many tablets. Accident?

Not until she meets Mercedes in California does Caroline get things straightened out. Michael had loved her. And it was an accident.

Not a competently managed story; pert conversation, wit, a glimmer, and lasting as nail varnish; a heroine almost as colourful as her vocabulary.

*PAMELA FRANKAU, aged 41, daughter of Gilbert Frankau, married to Lord Minto, is a U.S. Navy. Was Senior Commander in ATS.

ELEPHANT AND CASTLE. By R. C. Hutchinson. Cassell, 15s. 692 pages.

THIS is the story of Armored and Glean. It is about 200,000 words long, which is twice as long as it need be.



Russell as head of the Cairo police.

THE NOES HAVE IT

DAD and FLOUNDER

—by Walter



CHIPPY COFFEE IS SERVED...

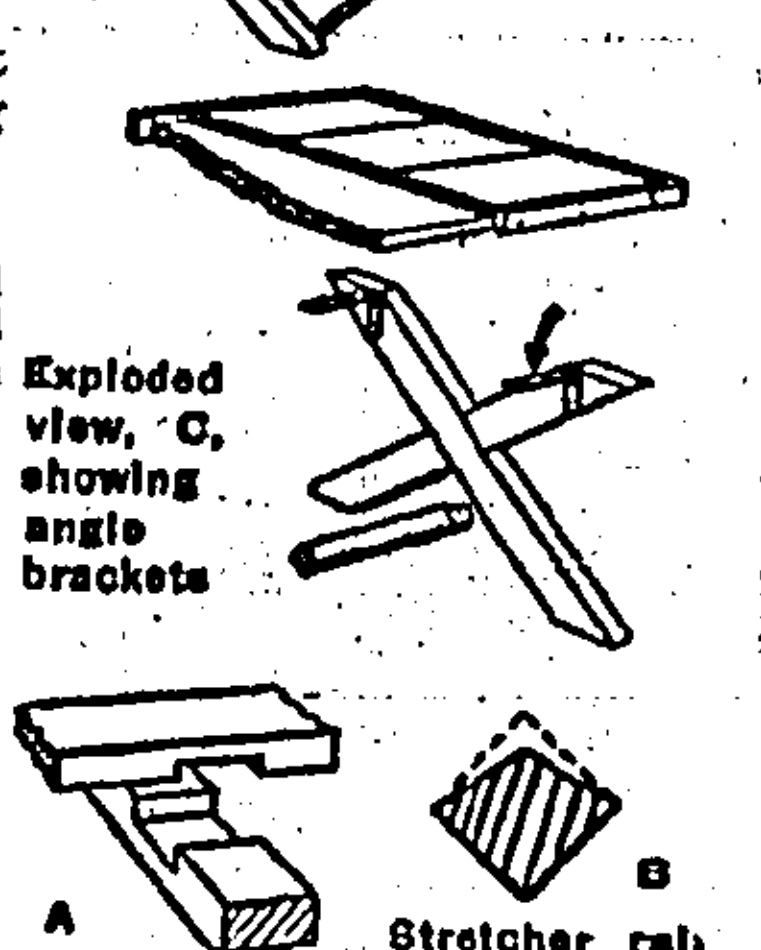
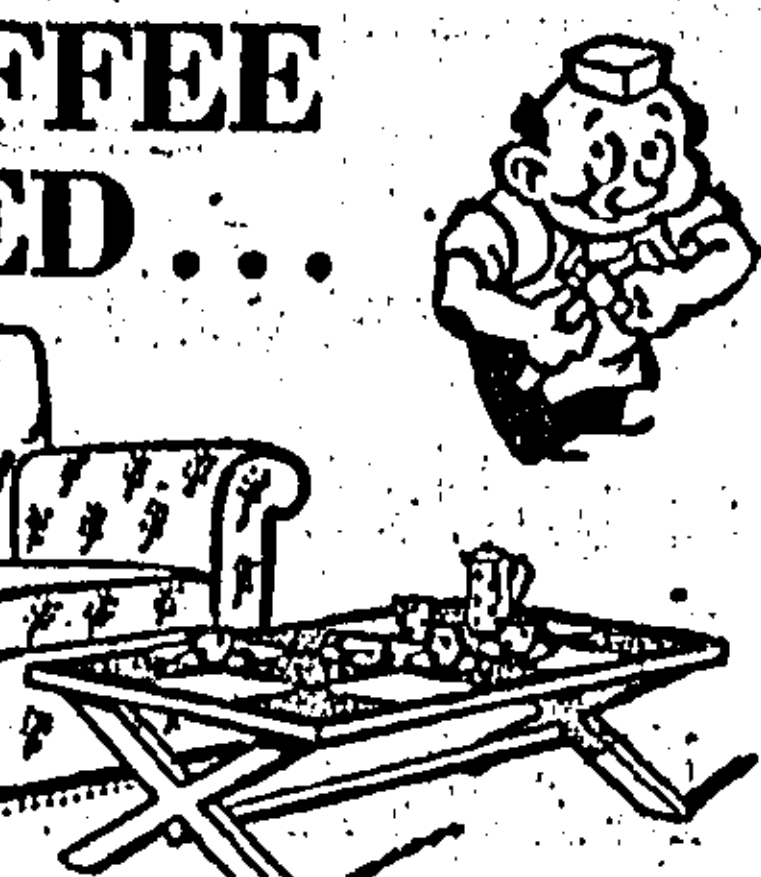
I HAVE just made this all-purpose fireside coffee table which is low enough and strong enough to accommodate a member of the family circle in emergencies, and is faced with cork flooring tiles so that I can rest my feet on it without indignant warnings about scratching the polish.

The surface can be cleaned with a wipe of a damp cloth and oiled occasionally to keep it in condition.

The dimensions of my table are:—

Height—12ins. Length—2ft. 6ins. Width—1ft. 6ins.

The first problem is to cut the four leg members accurately,



What Makes A Good Soldier?

A FIGHTING KIWI GIVES HIS ANSWER

"THIS" said Howard Kippenberger (Kip for short), "is going to be the best infantry in the world." Past him trudged, some none too sober, a stream of men in old civilian clothes.

Now, Sir Howard Kippenberger, KBE, CB, DSO, can truthfully claim—in his book, "Infantry Brigadier"—that he kept his word.

Among the qualities listed by Sir Howard are:

NONCHALANCE, at the right time. For example, General Freyberg, after a final inspection of his division, interviewed commanding officers. His talk with Kippenberger on this awesome occasion was limited to this:—

"Do your men drink beer?" "Yes, sir." "What sort?" "They say they

prefer Speights, sir, but I don't think they really mind." "H'm... Well, I suppose we'll see a lot more of each other."

COOLNESS, the special quality of the Maori sergeant, who stopped Kippenberger in a dash from his slit trench to an armoured car, and stood talking to him under rifle fire from 200 yards away.

COURAGE, typified by three privates, surprised by 20 Germans. Beside their bodies were later found three lots of empty cartridge cases, numbering three, seven, and ten.

FEELING, as expressed by General Freyberg just before Alamain: "If ever there was a just cause."

And paradoxically—

LACK OF FEELING. After an unsuccessful attack with particularly heavy casualties, Kippenberger entertained two New Zealanders to a "particularly gay evening" joined halfway through by the general.

and to do this I made a paper pattern with a soft pencil on newspaper drawing the diagonals of a rectangle 12ins. by 18ins. By laying these diagonals along the edge of my timber, which must be at least 2ins. stuff, I was able to mark the cut accurately.

The paper pattern also gave me the point at which the leg members cross and are half-jointed, as shown in DIAGRAM A. It was essential that the leg members "matched" so when they had been screwed together, I laid them one on top of the other and trimmed exactly.

The stretcher rail with shaped ends (DIAGRAM B) and the metal angle brackets were then screwed to the leg members, as shown in DIAGRAM C.

My table top was made from the side of an old broken cupboard, about 34in. thick, but tongue and grooved boards glued together and held with cross bars at each end would be equally suitable.

The cork tiles are glued into place and sand-papered flush at the joints.

The fillet, mitred at the four corners helps to keep them in place.

I placed the table top upside down on the floor, and screwed the leg frame in position, using rather short tapering screws to avoid forcing the tiles away from the wood surface.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

"Those Phoney Apologies"

BY KEMP STARRETT



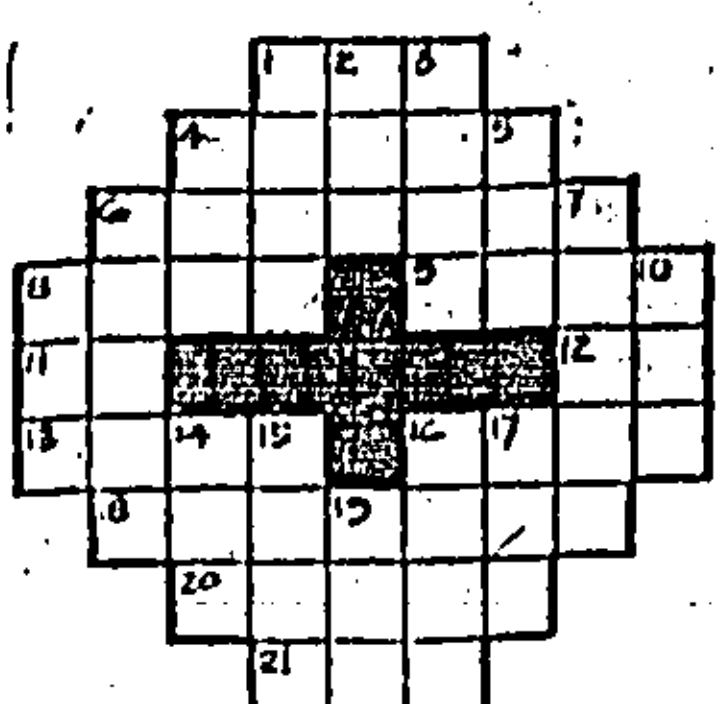
SPORTS

STORIES

PUZZLES

MENTAL GYMNASIUM

CROSSWORD



ACROSS

- 1 Devotee
- 4 Idolise
- 6 Make believe
- 7 Caterpillar hair
- 8 Paradise
- 11 Near
- 12 Southeast (ab.)
- 13 Lacking colour
- 16 Seize
- 18 Washes
- 19 Fonderous volumes
- 21 Notaries public (ab.)

DOWN

- 1 Notion
- 2 Drunkard
- 3 Woolly plant
- 4 Shill
- 5 Conclusion
- 6 Flower part
- 7 Writing tables
- 8 Tree fluid
- 10 Born
- 14 Land parcel
- 15 English school
- 16 Pedal digits
- 17 Answer (ab.)
- 19 Little demon

SCRAMBLED CITIES

Below you will find the names of 10 principal cities of the United States. The letters are scrambled and you must write them correctly. The first letter of each city is placed correctly to give you a start.

1. E-IR
2. CHAMA
3. B-ONTOS
4. S-ATELET
5. B-ALOFUF
6. N-ISVELHAL
7. D-INTOET
8. T-EDCOO
9. W-OTAGNHH
10. C-ANOGOTHATA

RIDDLES

Here's a chance to use your thinking powers. The key word "nation" appears in each answer.

1. What nation is most liberal?
2. What nation goes wool-gathering?
3. What nation is the most exacting?
4. What nation is the slowest nation?
5. What nation is growing younger.

SCRAMBLED SENTENCE

This sentence has been scrambled, but you can easily put it back into its proper shape: father, may A uncle, older his be older man than than never his but

Rupert & the Arrows—44



Bingo has grabbed the falling ski, and is putting it on while he waits to hear what his pal's shouting about. Meanwhile, Rupert has scrambled down the tree and alights in the snow. "I say," he cries. "You remember those arrows I told you about? Well, the third one is up there. It went right into that hollow tree. I must tell the others at once." "No, I don't remember," says Bingo fretfully. "Why don't you do one thing at a time? Let's finish our sking first. This lovely snow is melting all too fast as it is."

BRONCHO BILL



The BOYS and GIRLS PAGE



CRAFTS

GAMES

JOKES

My goodness, what a joke

Another Story By
ENID BLYTON

ONE day Mrs Well-I-never came rushing to speak to her brother, Grabbit the Gnome.

"Grabbit," she said. "Where are you? I've got news for you. Look what I've found."

She opened her hand and showed a tiny box of blue powder.

"It's a Blue Spell," said Mrs Well-I-never. "Dame Dandy must have dropped it on her way up the hill this morning. It's the same kind of spell that she put in her cauldron, and you felt into it and came out blue—don't you remember?"

"I'm hardly likely to forget while my nose is still blue," said Grabbit, gloomily.

"No, but listen," said Mrs Well-I-never. "You know we've always wanted to pay little Rubbalong out for making you fall into Dame Dandy's blue spell—well, now we've got a wonderful way of paying him out."

"How?" said surly Grabbit. "Do listen, Grabbit," said Mrs Well-I-never. "I'll make a cake—and I'll put this blue spell in it—and I'll send it along to Ma Rubbalong because it's her birthday. She'll eat it and as well—Rubbalong—and they'll both turn blue."

"Ha ha, ho ho!" roared Grabbit, suddenly. "That's a good joke. Oh, that's the best joke I ever heard. Make your cake, quickly."

So Mrs Well-I-never made the cake. It was a beauty, crammed with fruit. She took the blue powder into it and baked it. "It's a pity I can't ice it," she said. "I haven't any icing sugar."

"Oh, never mind about that," said Grabbit. "Is it ready? Well, take it down to Ma Rubbalong at once. Oh what a joke!"

"Well, I never! I've not seen you so pleased for years," said his sister.

MA RUBBALONG was surprised and pleased with Mrs Well-I-never's present of a cake. "Thank you," she said. "Do come to my party this afternoon and share the cake, will you?"

"Oh no, thank you," said Mrs Well-I-never at once. "That would never do. 'Well, happy birthday, Ma.'"

"Look at that," said Ma to Rubbalong. "There's kindness even in Mrs Well-I-never. What a pity she sent me a cake though—I've such an enormous Rubbalong already, and it's iced so beautifully."

"Ma, send Mrs Well-I-never's cake across to Mrs Nearby," said Rubbalong. "We've got enough cakes, really, and it's nice to be generous if we can. Mrs Nearby can't come to your party, she's not well. She'd love a cake to herself."

"Bless your kind heart, little Rubbalong," said Ma. "You take it along then, with my best wishes."

So the Blue-Spell cake was taken to Mrs Nearby by little Rubbalong. Mrs Nearby was in bed and couldn't come to the door, so Rubbalong



I never did see such a fine cake.

pushed the cake in at the window.

"Thank you, little Rubbalong, you're kind," said Mrs Nearby. "I'm expecting the doctor soon, and maybe he'll tell me I can get up."

The doctor did come, very soon after that. He was Doctor Healen, and he was just like his name. He shook his head over Mrs Nearby.

"No, you can't get up yet," he said. "And what's this rich fruit cake I see here on the window-sill? You mustn't eat anything like that, yet, Mrs Nearby."

"Oh dear—well, will you take it away and give it to someone?" said Mrs Nearby. "I might nibble a bit if you don't, it looks so good."

"Yes—I'll take it to Mrs Shifty," said Doctor Healen, and he took it away. But Mrs Shifty was out, so he left the cake just by the front door. She found it there when she got home.

"Look at that. Somebody has left a cake here for me," she said. "Well, I'd have it, only I'm going away tomorrow, and it would get stale in my larder. I'd better give it away."

So what did she do but take it that very afternoon to Mrs Bulton. Mrs Bulton was pleased. "Well, that's nice of you," she said. "I'll let little Bulton have it for his tea."

BUT little Bulton was very naughty that afternoon. "New you just shan't have that beautiful cake," scolded Mrs Bulton. "All right, Ma, all right," said Bulton. "What shall I do with the cake?"

He took it to Mrs Popalong, and she was very busy baking. Mrs Popalong—I've brought you something from Ma," called Bulton.

"Put it down on the hall-stand," called back Mrs Popalong. "I'm busy this morning, little Bulton. You put it there and I'll see to it when I've finished."

So Bulton left the cake on the hall-stand—and when Mrs Popalong came along to see what he had left, she laughed aloud.

"Well, I would get a present of a cake just when it's my baking day and I've made six," she said. "It's a nice enough cake, too—but it looks a bit battered somehow, round the top. I'll ice it when I ice mine and send it off to someone. I know Pa Popalong won't eat any cakes but mine, so it's no good keeping this one."

WELL, she iced it beautifully in pink and white and put pink roses on the top.

Now, who should she send it to? Everyone was going to Ma Rubbalong's party this afternoon, but wait! Didn't she hear Ma say that Mrs Well-I-never and Grabbit weren't going? Well, she'd send them the cake then. They'd be glad of it, if they were missing the party.

So kind Mrs Popalong walked to Mrs Well-I-never's house with the iced cake. Mrs Well-I-never was thrilled to see it. "Grabbit," called Mrs Well-I-never. "Come and have tea. Mrs Popalong's sent a fine iced cake for us."

"Oh good," said Grabbit, and he sat down at the table. "My, it certainly is a fine-looking cake. I say, sister—do you suppose little Rubbalong and his Ma are sitting down gobbling up that Blue-Spell Cake?"

"Yes," said Mrs Well-I-never. "Oh, what a joke. I'm glad I'm not having a bit." "I'm glad, too," said Grabbit, taking his second slice of cake. "It's the best joke I ever heard in my life. Ha ha, ho ho ho. What a joke."

Well, it was, of course—but not quite in the way they thought. By the end of tea-time they were both as blue as cornflowers.

My goodness—what a joke!

(London Express Service)

Genius Is Found In Some Strange Places

IF the marks on your report card aren't as high as you would like them to be one of several things may be wrong. You may not be trying to do as well as you can do, or you may not be as much of a student as the boy or girl who makes the honour roll.

But if you're trying, you needn't feel disappointed. Many of the greatest thinkers of history were poor to "mildling" in school. Some were even "retarded," which means the teacher thought they weren't bright. One English teacher wrote on a boy's report card less than a century ago: "He is singularly incapable of mastering any language. This, stripped of its big words, means: 'He can't even talk good English.'"

That turned out to be Charles Darwin, who wrote several books about evolution.

PIERRE CURIE, who was one of the co-discoverers of radium, was such a slow-coach at school that his parents had to hire a private tutor to teach him at home.

Henrik Ibsen, the great playwright, barely managed to graduate from high school. His grades were just the passing minimum for his Swedish school.

William Wordsworth's elders bitterly complained about his "lack of aim, grasp and interest." But he grew up to become England's poet laureate.

Very often children who are said to be dull are not really dull, but slow to learn. Education should not be hurried. Joseph Conrad published his first successful novel when he was 39. Titian wasn't great till he

was past 40 and very few great statesmen are under 50. Titian was still painting at 90.

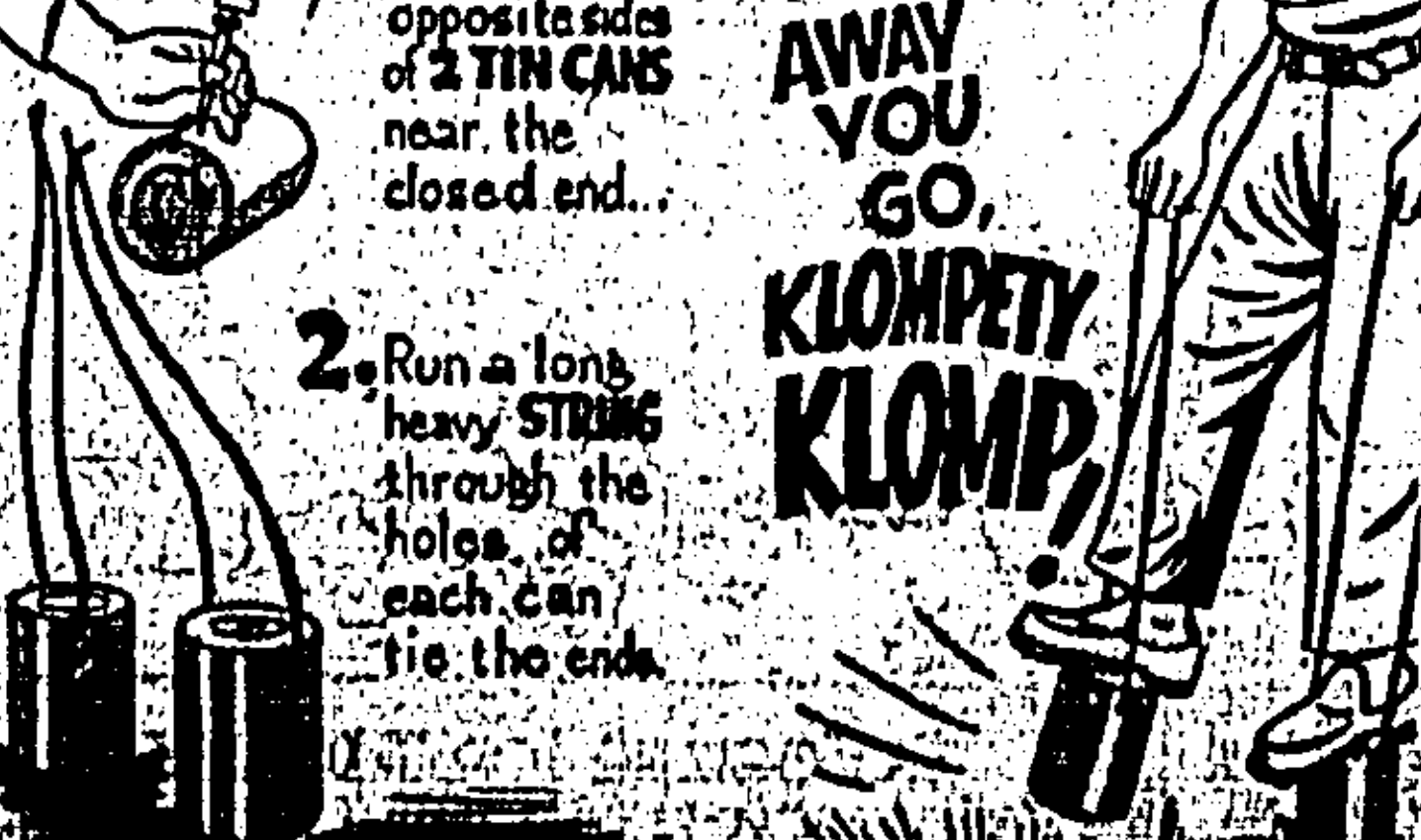
TOO often boys and girls and their parents place too much emphasis on high grades. The honour roll is nice, but it doesn't tell the whole story.

A student who learns quickly is learning nothing if he forgets what he learns. A student who learns a lot learns nothing if he doesn't use his knowledge.

The real geniuses of the world remembered what they learned, even though they often learned slowly, and they used the knowledge in their life-work.

So if your grades aren't the best, and if you're not on the honour roll, don't give up. Maybe you're the genius of the class.

DO-IT By Dale Goss



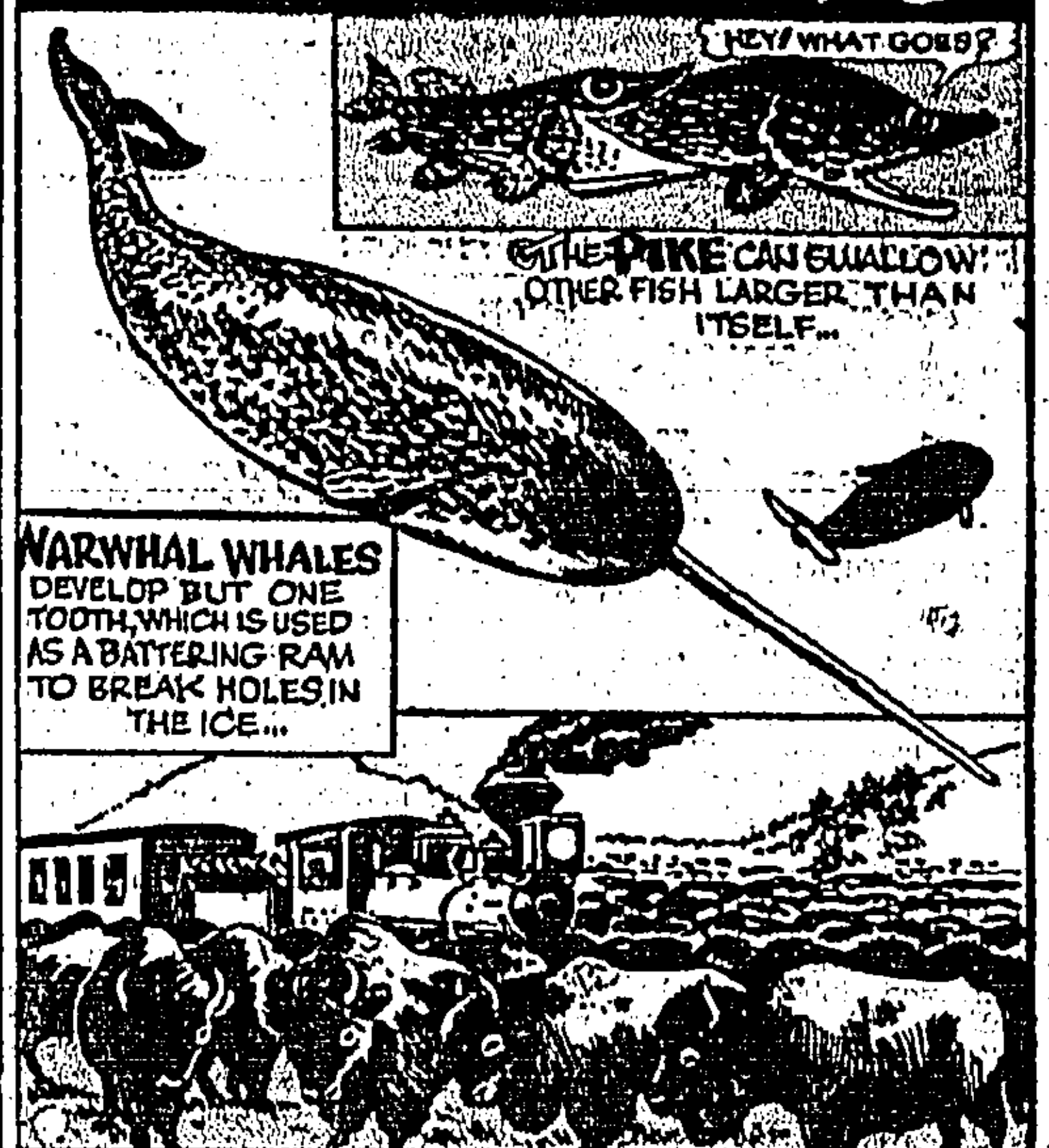
Things to Make With Materials at Hand

1. With large nail and a hammer make 2 holes in opposite sides of 2 TIN CANS near the closed end.

2. Run a long heavy STRING through the holes of each can, tie the ends.

3. Pull up hard on the strings while walking and... AWAY YOU GO. KLONPETY KLONP.

ZOO'S WHO



STRAINS CROSSING THE PLAINS IN THE EARLY DAYS SOMETIMES WERE HELD UP FOR THREE HOURS AT A TIME BY BUFFALO HERDS.

An Indian Who Made His Own Alphabet

SEQUOYAH, a Cherokee Indian, had been around white men part of his life, but reading was a great mystery to him. One day he saw a letter, and shortly afterward a book fell into his hands.

He could tell at once that here was something wonderful. On paper people could "talk" across long distances without seeing each other. He decided that his own people must learn to talk that way. He would invent an alphabet and teach them.

He soon discovered that the English alphabet would not aid him. His own language contained many sounds not in the English tongue. The Cherokee used grunts, inflections, and nose and throat sounds no white man used. He had to invent his own signs for these, and who he had finished his alphabet contained 86 letters, instead of 26.



His own people remember him gratefully and when they write, even today, many of them use Sequoyah's alphabet.

YEAR after year he kept at the task. His own people first laughed at him, then persecuted him, but he kept on. Once they burned his alphabet and home, but he did not even let this stop him. His tribesmen were afraid of his peculiar-looking signs. They thought they were something magical. But no one could destroy his knowledge of the alphabet which he had in his head.

After he had finished his alphabet, his people would not use it. But he taught his young daughter to read. Then he invited some of the leading men of the tribe to his house. He asked two or three of them to tell him what to write, and one after another they did so. After he had written down their messages he had them take the writing to his daughter in another place, out of hearing. She read the writing in the same words that Sequoyah had used.

That convinced the tribal leaders, and they asked Sequoyah to teach the whole tribe to read and write. He could not do this alone, but he soon taught some of the brightest young men, who in turn became teachers.

The United States government in Washington finally heard of his work. They persuaded him to visit the capital, where his picture was painted, and he was given a silver medal.

None of these honours affected Sequoyah in the least. To everyone he said "that his 'talking leaf' was a gift from the Great Spirit. He wanted no other reward, he said, than the happiness of teaching it to others."

And that was his work for the rest of his life.

Now here is an interesting test. It will tell whether your first thoughts are like those of most other people your age.

Have a friend read out one at a time, the 20 words printed below. As he does so, shout out the very first word that pops into your head and have him write it down. You can do it alone, if you're honest. When finished, compare your answers with the printed list of "standard answers."

1-Table. 2-Slow. 3-Butterfly. 4-Whistle. 5-Foot. 6-Rod. 7-Sleep. 8-Girl. 9-Music. 10-Deep. 11-Eat. 12-Atom bomb. 13-Eagle. 14-White. 15-Fruit. 16-Short. 17-Needle. 18-Ship. 19-Arrow. 20-Adam.

If you have more than 15 answers the same as the standard list below it means you think pretty much like the majority of other people.

If you have less than 10 answers the same as the standard list it indicates you have a very original mind.

Between 10 and 15 is the average score.

Here's the list:

1-Chair. 2-Fast. 3-Insect. 4-Noise. 5-Hand. 6-Colour. 7-Sad. 8-Dog. 9-Fiasco. 10-Shallow. 11-Food. 12-War. 13-Bird. 14-Black. 15-Apple. 16-Long. 17-Threat. 18-Ocean. 19-Bow. 20-Eye.

Words Of A Feather...

WORDS of a feather flock together. When you hear one word spoken it often brings to your mind another related word.

If somebody mentions Paris your thoughts may immediately flash the words "Aunt Mary." (If Aunt Mary has visited Paris.)

What thought first comes into your head when we mention "School"? It is probably "Teacher."

Now here is an interesting test. It will tell whether your first thoughts are like those of most other people your age.

Have a friend read out one at a time, the 20 words printed below. As he does so, shout out the very first word that pops into your head and have him write it down. You can do it alone, if you're honest. When finished, compare your answers with the printed list of "standard answers."

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Czech Tennis Stars Choose Exile

Drobny, Cernik Defy Order To Withdraw From Tourney

London, July 15.—The Czech tennis stars, Jaroslav Drobny and Vladimir Cernik, today defied orders to return to Prague from Ostend, Switzerland, and announced that they would seek political exile in the United States "from disgust with political interference."

A Czech Legation official at Berne made another determined attempt this afternoon to persuade them to return home but was turned back by hotel staff on the instructions of the two tennis players.

Their joint statement said: "No one can prevent us from carrying on our sporting activities, particularly since we have now decided to go to America."

Respectable, stocky Drobny, who was beaten by Ted Schroeder in this year's final at Wimbledon, told correspondents that during the tournament there he had discussed the possibility of fleeing with Mr. Russell B. Kingman, President of the United States Tennis Association.

He and Cernik had decided long ago that they would eventually have to quit Czechoslovakia, Drobny added.

"We were so disgusted by the visit yesterday from two officials of the Czech Legation in

Berne that we decided that the moment half costs were paid, these officials had ordered them to withdraw from the Swiss international tennis championships because Germans and a Spaniard were also playing.

Drobny and Cernik said that they had never belonged to the Communist Party, "though many people believe we did since we were allowed to leave Czechoslovakia to play abroad."

They thought that Mr. Kingman would arrange for United States visas for them.

Drobny, who paired with Bob Falkenberg (United States) for the Wimbledon doubles, was criticised in Czechoslovakia for not playing with his fellow countryman, Cernik. He was accused of playing for himself rather than for his country.

WIN FIRST MATCH

Drobny and Cernik tonight won their first match as political exiles, beating J.P.A. Linck and Lennert, of The Netherlands, by 6-3 and 6-2 in the men's doubles of the Swiss tennis championships.

The two Czechs, guarded by two Swiss plain clothes policemen sent from Berne, were in top form and appeared very cheerful.

Cernik, in a second match, beat another political exile, P. Puncer, from Yugoslavia, by 6-2 and 6-2 to reach the semi-finals of the men's singles. He will meet Drobny tomorrow or Sunday in the semi-finals.

All Prague evening newspapers today ignored the reports that Drobny and Cernik had refused an order to return home. The newspapers reported that Drobny and Cernik had scratched from the Swiss international championships in compliance with an order from the Czech Sokol Sport Organisation, which was made in protest against the participation of German and Spanish players.

Meanwhile, the Swiss authorities are arranging for an extension of the 10-day visas granted to the two players for their visit to Ostend.

Drobny is unmarried. Cernik is understood to have left his wife and three-year old son in Czechoslovakia.

"TREACHEROUS STEP"

Later tonight Prague Radio condemned the action of Drobny and Cernik in refusing orders to return home from Switzerland as "a treacherous step."

"By this step, they have announced that they have separated from their country and amateurism and have decided to serve for money for professionalists," the broadcast said.

This was the first confirmation from a Czech source that Drobny and Cernik had refused to return from Switzerland.—Reuter.

WELCOME IN US

New York, July 15.—Mr. Russell B. Kingman, President of the International Lawn Tennis Federation, said today that Jaroslav Drobny and Vladimir Cernik would be welcomed at the United States tennis championships "if they come to this country and are properly entered in the tournament."

"But if they want to make an application to remain in the United States, that will be a matter strictly for the State Department," he added. "We have nothing to do with politics."

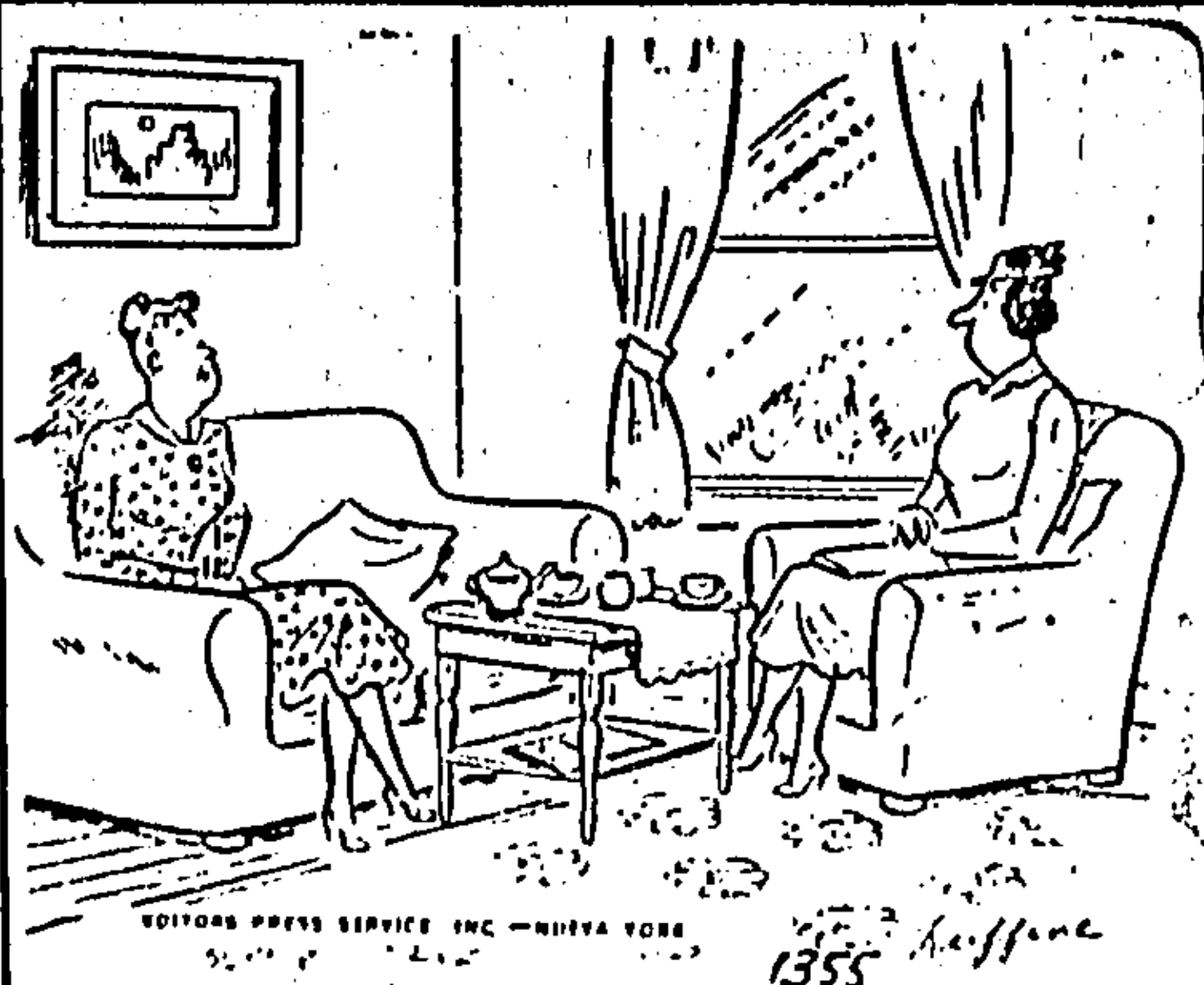
"As far as we are concerned, their case will be no different than in any other year. The U.S. Lawn Tennis Association will not foster any conspiracy against the Czech government to help players remain here."

Mr. Kingman said that Drobny and Cernik would be invited to play in the United States Doubles on August 15 at Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts, and singles at Forest Hills, New York, on August 20.

"We hope they can play. They are fine players, wonderful sportsmen and great competitors, but we can go no further than issuing invitations," he said. Drobny and Cernik will use letters of invitation in seeking visas to come to the United States.—Associated Press.

Win For Ampon

Newport, July 15.—F. Ampon of the Philippines, beat M. Matous, of Czechoslovakia, by 6-4, 6-0 and 6-2 in the semi-finals of the men's singles in the Wigan lawn tennis championships here tonight.—Reuter.



"Then between 1920 and 1945, I just seemed to turn grey overnight."

Eclipse Stakes Go To France

M. BOUSSAC'S DJEDDAH WINS IN FAST TIME

Sandown Park, July 15.—M. Marcel Boussac's Djeddah won the Eclipse Stakes, run over one and a quarter miles here this afternoon. Miss Dorothy Paget's Tennyson was second and Mr. John Dewar's Faux Tirage third. A field of seven ran.

The betting was 6 to 4 against the favourite Djeddah, 25 to 1 Tennyson, 9 to 4 Faux Tirage.

This is the first time in 45 years that the valuable Eclipse Stakes has been won by France. The race is worth £8,196.

Djeddah, a two-year-old Guinean winner, ridden by Charlie Elliott, scored an easy three-lengths victory over Tennyson, with Faux Tirage, three-quarters of a length away, third.

After a quarter of a mile, Nizami, led Bobo, followed by Nizami and Moonlight, with Djeddah last. At the halfway mark, Tennyson led Nizami, Faux Tirage and Bobo, and was still in front as they entered the straight, with Hindostan and Djeddah beginning to move up.

Faux Tirage went to the front when three lengths from the finish, while Hindostan, under pressure, fell back.

A farling out, Djeddah, who was quickly making up lost ground, drew up to Faux Tirage and, mastering the English Colt, ran on strongly for a comfortable victory.

STABLE STRIKE

Moonlight was fourth, Hindostan fifth, Bobo sixth and Nizami last. Djeddah covered the mile and a quarter in two minutes, 8-1/5 seconds, the fastest time for 10 years.

Today was the first occasion on which the three-year-old Faux Tirage had tasted defeat. Before the meeting, there was a strike by stable lads who refused to take the horses into the paddock when they found that they were not going to be admitted free to watch the racing as they had done hitherto, owing to a new wage demand.

Many head lads came to the rescue by leading their horses into the paddock. One jockey led his mount from the ring himself.

Foreigners Win Three AAA Titles

London, July 15.—Three finals decided on the first day of the British Amateur Athletic Association's championships at the White City, London, today went to foreign athletes.

Hungary took the first two places in the 400 metres, the hammer final, the event being won by the Olympic champion, Imre Nemeth, with a throw of 182 feet, 5 1/2 inches—11 feet 2 inches below his own world record.

L. Petke of Hungary, was second with 162 feet, 8 1/2 inches, and D. M. Clarke, of the Royal Ulster Constabulary, was third with 162 feet, five inches.

The Dutch athlete H. Van Dongen took the hop, step and jump final with exactly 47 feet, 11 1/2 inches, and S. Cross, of Birchfield Harriers, was third with 46 feet, 4 1/2 inches.

The best race of the day was the six miles final in which the Estonian, V. Lillakas, who lives in England and was running for the Polytechnic Club, overtook the holder, S. E. W. Cox, of Southgate Harriers, in the last 20 yards to win in 30 minutes, 19 seconds.

Both finished in 30 minutes, 16 1/2 seconds. W. Kenneth, of Manchester, who was third, took 30 minutes, 19 1/2 seconds. The Spectators, including 5,000 schoolboys, were disappointed that Arthur Watt, the Olympic 400 metres champion, could not compete in a pulled muscle.

The finals of the other events will be decided tomorrow.—Reuter.

MALAYAN TRIBE'S REVENGE RAID

Sweep Down From Hills, Kill 14 Chinese

Kuala Lumpur, July 15.—Sakais, Malayan aborigines, descended from their mountain fastnesses and killed 14 Chinese in a revenge assault on a Perak village, it was announced today.

Police arrested 14 of the Sakais, who live in the semi-darkness of high mountain forests which normally they never leave.

Terrorists recently killed two women Sakai and one man, and wounded a woman and child. Thereupon the usually peaceful aborigines banded together for a revenge raid on Bukit Pekan village, wounding 13 Chinese in addition to the 14 killed.

A 24-hour air attack on bandits believed to be concentrated near the Thai border in Upper Perak state was completed this evening by the RAF—for the first time using Sunderlands for high level bombing. Hundreds of small fragmentation bombs were dropped from the Sunderlands while Beaufighters strafed the area with cannon and rockets.

Ground forces are already moving in and the results of the air attack will probably be known tomorrow.—Associated Press.

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announce that, owing to technical and other difficulties at Shanghai, increasing delay in both telegraph and telephone traffic may be expected.



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— FINAL SHOWING —

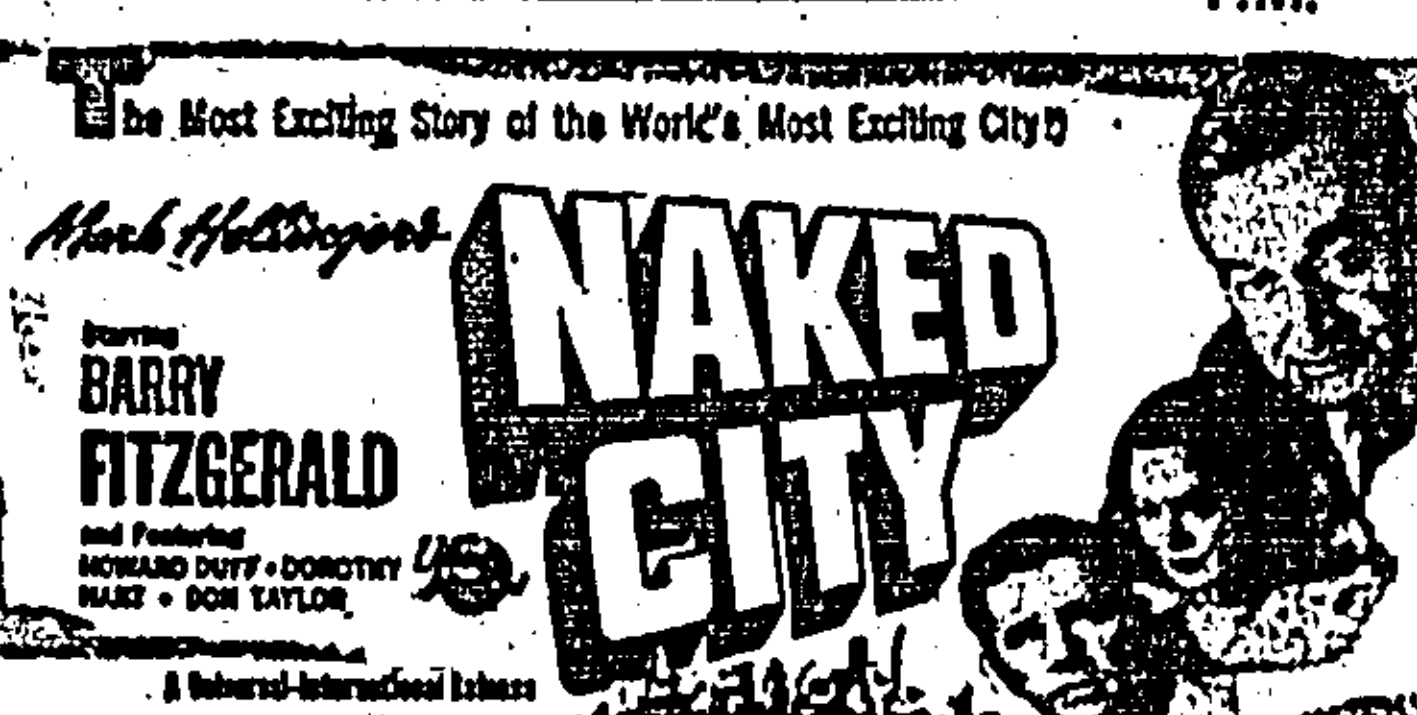
2.30, 5.10, 7.20 & 9.30 p.m.



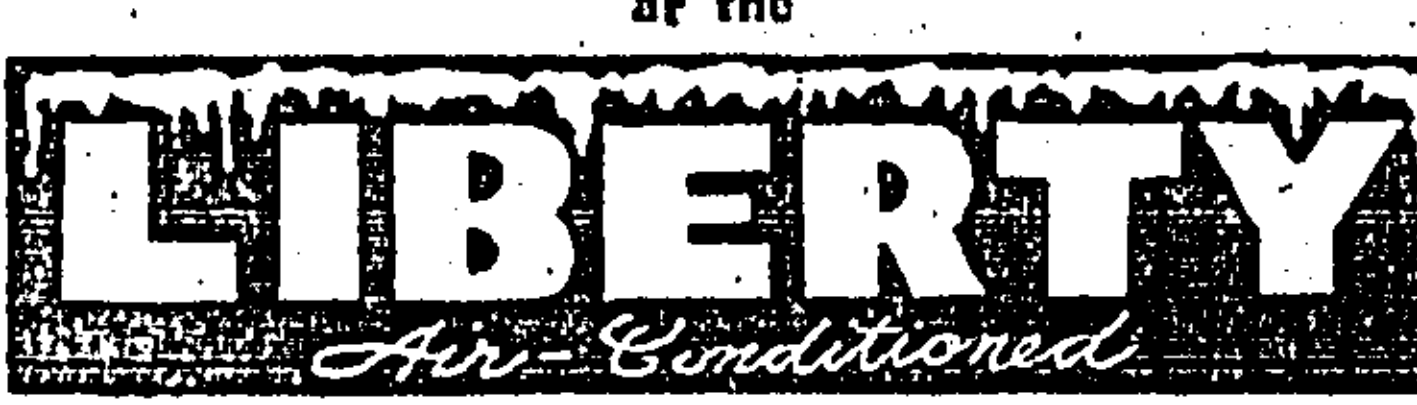
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EVANS, JENKINS SAVE PLAYERS

Gentlemen Again Beaten At Lord's

London, July 15.—A seventh-wicket partnership of 70 runs in 40 minutes between Godfrey Evans and Roland Jenkins prevented The Gentlemen gaining their first victory at Lord's since 1938.

Ignoring the peculiarities of the wicket, which was freshened by overnight rain, they hit out boldly to give The Players a four-wicket win. Jenkins had 41 not out and Evans 40 not out.

Needing 139 runs after dismissing the amateurs for 287, the professionals lost six wickets for 69 runs before Jenkins and Evans carried the total to 139 for six.

Trevor Bailey, Essex and England fast bowler, got help from the wicket and had a spell of three wickets for 11 runs. He finished with three for 35.

Freddie Brown, the Northamptonshire captain and spin bowler, took three for 71.

Evans was in fine form throughout the match. He scored 81 runs and dismissed seven batsmen behind the wickets.

COUNTY MATCHES

In the County matches rain robbed Worcestershire of the chance of consolidating their position at the top of the championship table, but first innings points increased their lead over Middlesex to eight points. Worcestershire now have 112 from 15 matches, the same number played by Middlesex.

Yorkshire, who had a narrow escape against Essex, remain in third place with 100 points from 15 games, while Glamorgan moved into fourth place with 98 from 16 games. Essex took over the fifth berth with 84 points from 16 games, with Warwickshire following with the same number of points from 14 games.

Leicestershire remain at the bottom of the table with 20 points from 13 games, eight points behind Hampshire, who have played the same number of games.

MATCH ABANDONED

After playing themselves into a strong position against Nottinghamshire on the tricky Stourbridge pitch, rain storms prevented Worcestershire from forcing a win. Several efforts were made to dry the pitch between the storms, but a ball being bowled today.

Surrey outplayed Somerset at The Oval, when the home county declared for the second time, with an aggregate of 688 runs for five wickets in the two in-

EXCITING DRAW

A lunchtime storm had a vital bearing on the game between Glamorgan and Lancashire, in which first one side and then the other looked like winning easily. With 15 minutes to go in the first innings, Lancashire wanted only 17 runs and had six wickets in hand, but, with the crowd in a frenzy, Muncer took three wickets in one over with the total unchanged at 121, and then the last man went in. Lancashire still needed five runs. They failed to get the runs and Glamorgan the wicket, so that the game ended in a draw, which proved as exciting as any win.

Essex appeared certain of gaining their first victory over Yorkshire since 1939. At one stage today Yorkshire were only 39 runs ahead with seven wickets down